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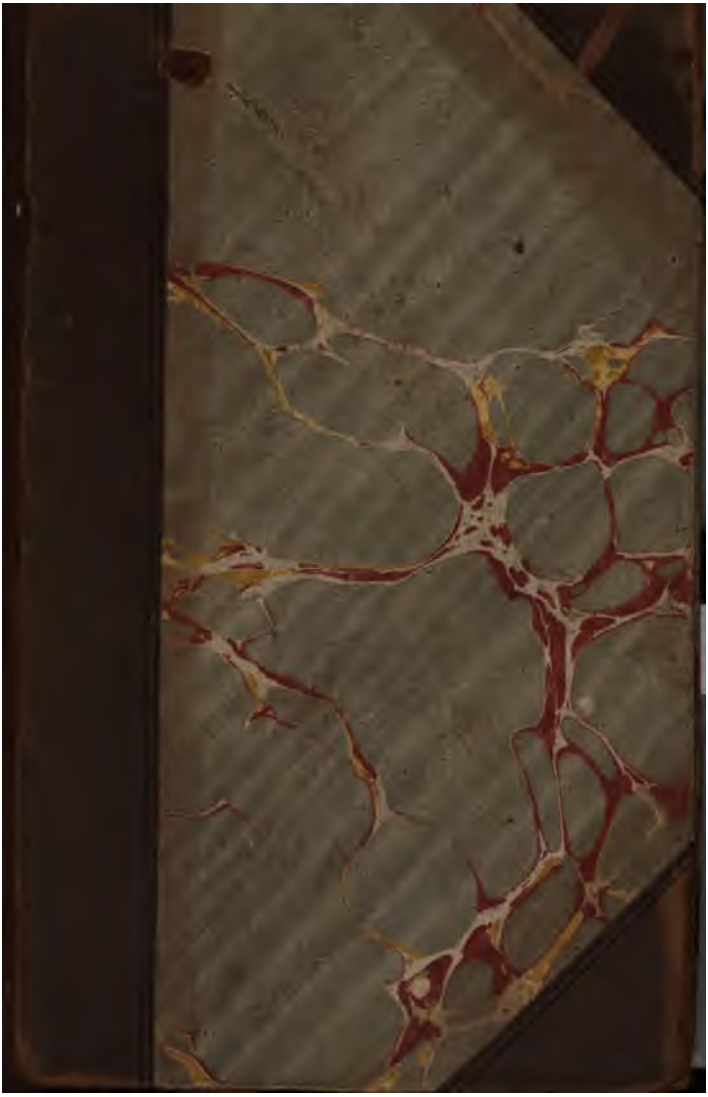

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S.H. 1830

COLLECTION OF HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP.

BY

WILLIAM URWICK.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

"Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing ye praises with understanding."—Psalm xlvii. 6, 7.

"Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. iii. 16.

DUBLIN:

SOLD BY R. M. TIMS, W. CURRY, JUN. AND CO. M. KEENE, D. F. GARDINER, J. M. LECKIE, J. BURNSIDE, AND THE RELIGIOUS TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY. ALSO BY M'COMB, BELFAST; R. BAYNES, AND NISBET, LONDON; HUDSON, BIRMINGHAM; AND EDDOWES, SHREWSBURY.

1829.

342.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street, Dublin.

TO

THE CONGREGATION

ASSEMBLING FOR WORSHIP

IN

YORK-STREET MEETING-HOUSE,

DUBLIN,

WITH ALL THAT IN EVERY PLACE

CALL UPON THE NAME OF

JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED

BY THEIR

FAITHFUL SERVANT IN THE GOSPEL,

THE COMPILER.

PREFACE.

Under the Jewish dispensation, psalmody formed a prominent part of congregational worship, and we have sufficient evidence of its being continued in the devotions of the Christian church. When the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was instituted by the Redeemer, the solemnity was closed by singing a hymn. When Paul and Silas were imprisoned at Philippi, they "prayed and sang praises to God;"—and that this was not an inaudible mental exercise is plain from the fact that "the prisoners heard them." Among other irregularities for which the Christians at Corinth were reproved, it is mentioned that in their assemblies "every one had a psalm," and they were directed to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also"—from which it is evident that singing was a part of their public worship, and that the whole congregation should have joined in the same song of praise.—The Colossians are instructed to "teach and admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord;" and a similar exhortation is addressed to the saints at Ephesus. The

apostle James suggests the singing of psalms as a proper mode of giving utterance to spiritual joy. We have the testimony of Pliny, that the primitive Christians "were accustomed to meet and sing hymns in honour of Christ as God." According to the representations made in vision to the Apostle John in Patmos, the celestial worshippers engage in this devout employ, as part of the homage they render to Him who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb. And surely no themes more varied, more grateful, or more sublime, could be desired than are furnished in the revelation of redeeming love—none so fitted to kindle the most holy and animated inspirations of song and melody.

Psalmody, like other modes of devotion, is intended to promote the honour of God and to edify the worshipper. In it the claims of Jehovah as the sole object of religious homage are recognised—his perfections, works, and authority are celebrated—his favours are acknowledged or implored. It awakens, and by exercise strengthens, all the pure and heavenly emotions of the renewed mind. It animates the fatigued labourer to his duty, the discouraged warrior to the combat, and the fainting pilgrim to pursue with cheerfulness and vigour his journey to the promised land. How often has the heart, oppressed with sadness, been eased of its burden, receiving the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, by communing with the congregation in singing "the songs of Zion." Oh!

if there be a time on earth when, more than at any other, we really "*come* unto the innumerable company of angels, the spirits of just men made perfect, and the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven"—it is when, lifting up our voices with one accord, we feel identified with them in the same act of devotion, and the saints above and the saints below are at once ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

What were the "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," used in the worship of the first Christians, history does not inform us. Of the many hypotheses advanced respecting them, it is perhaps most reasonable to believe that the "psalms" were selections from the book so named, and in themselves suited, or else accommodated, to the circumstances of the present dispensation. "Hymns" may have been metrical pieces setting forth the glories of God, or the truths, duties, or privileges of the gospel, but uninspired; while the "spiritual songs" were of the same nature, but dictated by the Holy Spirit. Some writers, however, consider the difference to consist, in the manner in which they were employed, according as they were recited, sung, or used with instrumental music;—but we can scarcely suppose that the worship of the primitive churches admitted of these varieties in the mode of social psalmody.

It has been thought that the compositions sung *in worship* should be *exclusively* ascriptions of

praise. That such a restriction was not observed in the Jewish church may be inferred from the circumstance that many of the psalms used in its public devotions contain petitions for mercies, and exhortations addressed to the people assembled.—The directions to the Colossians and Ephesians already noticed, prove that congregational singing is one method by which Christians are to teach and admonish one another. It is not more inconsistent to introduce supplications into hymns, than to mingle praises in our prayers. Petitions are principally, but not solely, appropriate to the latter; thanksgiving is principally, but not solely, appropriate to the former.

The book of Psalms unquestionably furnishes some of the best materials and patterns of congregational poetry; and a little more than a century ago a strong prejudice prevailed in Britain against the introduction of other compositions than the "Psalms of David" literally translated into English metre and rhyme. The prejudice may have originated in a praiseworthy desire of conforming the words of d[illegible] as much as possible to the sacred writi[illegible] ly i[illegible] not thought of that [illegible] whole [illegible] he other scrip- w[illegible] nody of the [illegible] parts of it [illegible] ndividuals, [illegible] n assem- [illegible] onnected [illegible] nt, and

can be accommodated only by an effort approaching to violence, to the state of the evangelical Church. Since that period, Scripture Paraphrases and a few Hymns have been appended to the Psalms in the Church of Scotland, and Collections of Hymns are coming into general use in the Established Churches of England and Ireland. The Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts introduced a new era in the history of congregational singing among the English dissenters. Had he published no other work, that was sufficient to have transmitted his name fair and fragrant to the latest posterity. Mr. Montgomery declares that he "would rather be the anonymous author of a few hymns which should become an imperishable inheritance to the people of God, than bequeath another epic poem to the world, which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, or our greater Milton." Nor is this estimate extravagant. If the value of compositions depends on their moral influence in aiding the communings of the soul with God (and what nobler end could genius propose?)—the epic muse neither of Greece, nor of Italy, nor of Britain, can compare with Watts. His Psalms and Hymns are a memorial far more precious and durable than a magnificent monument of Parian marble, or the most splendidly emblazoned record in the archive[illegible] poetic fame—and one cannot forbear [illegible] what glowing zeal and perfect [illegible] o sang salvation so sweetly in [illegible] n, would, on ascending to the

skies, mingle hallelujahs with the chorus of the glorified to Immanuel's praise.

But with all his excellencies, Watts is not entirely free from inaccuracies of expression and other defects, which his greatest admirers have regretted. Probably not more than a fourth of his Psalms and Hymns are eligible for public worship. Persons unaccustomed to the work are frequently perplexed by his having several metres of the same psalm, and several parts under the same metre; nor are they less confused by his hymns being divided into three books. During the century which has elapsed since his work appeared, numerous additions have been made to the store of compositions commenced by him for the service and edification of the church. Many selections from them have been published as "Supplements" to his book. The writer of these pages thought it more desirable to comprise all psalms and hymns, by whomsoever composed, that appeared suitable or necessary for congregational purposes, in one volume; and the present is submitted as the result of his endeavours.

In making the requisite selection the compiler first carefully perused Watts, taking out all that appeared fitted to his purpose. Doddridge, Brown, Steele, Swaine, the Olney Hymns, and others well known, were consulted. Altogether, considerably more than a hundred volumes, published from the beginning of the last century downwards, have been examined. For the largest

number of hymns, next to Watts, the compiler is indebted to Mr. Kelly, whose compositions have been seldom equalled in their tone of lively evangelical piety.* Mr. Montgomery's praise is in all the churches, and many of his hymns will be found inserted. For the original compositions the compiler is principally indebted to friends. Those on the Addresses to the Churches are, with several others, from the pen of a Lady who declines being announced by any other name than her usual signature of "Charlotte Elizabeth." Her "Mariner's Midnight Hymn," inserted as No. 379, combines no ordinary degree of poetry and devotion.

In preparing hymns for the press, a few alterations have been made, when it was thought they would render the phraseology more correct or the composition more complete. One peculiarity will no doubt be observed;—it is that all the hymns are in the plural number. Custom has familiarized the use of the singular, but it is surely improper to adopt it when a number of individuals unite in the same address. In leading the prayers of a congregation, one person speaks; yet how anomalous and indecorous would it be were he to use the pronouns I, my or mine, and me, in his supplications. The prayer which our Lord taught his disciples, the ascription of praise from the redeemed on earth, and the "new song"

* The compiler acknowledges the kindness of Mr. Tims, who owns the copy-right of Mr. Kelly's Hymns, in allowing the use of them for this volume.

of the glorified, recognise communion among the worshippers. In the closet we are insulated, but in the congregation we are united, and our service should ascend before the Almighty as one great sacrifice of praise offered by all combined. As may be supposed, the alterations required on this account, in a large proportion of the following hymns, occasioned no small degree of trouble to preserve the sentiment, metre, and rhyme, unimpaired. The compiler regrets that he has not always succeeded in this respect to the extent of his wishes.

The changes introduced may be considered by some persons as unwarrantable; and had the names of authors been affixed to the compositions thus altered, he would have pleaded guilty of dishonest dealing towards the character of others. As the Collection stands, the compiler alone is responsible for its demerits. Were it necessary he might appeal to precedent for vindication. To give some idea of the extent to which the practice of altering hymns has been carried, he would state that on referring to twelve different volumes, containing a popular hymn, he found ten variations in the reading of the first verse. Besides, his object has been to provide a manual for congregational psalmody, and he therefore felt warranted to introduce whatever modifications appeared desirable to render compositions better *fitted* for the purpose.

Among six hundred compositions, a great vari-

ety will exist in their claims to approbation. On some subjects so many excellent hymns are extant, that to have inserted all would have extended some parts of this work beyond their due proportions;—while on other topics the supply is so scanty as not to admit of choice. In all cases where the properties could not be had combined, the compiler has preferred piety with imperfect poetry, to elegance of language without piety. Every garden will include some plants of homely growth and unattractive form, introduced more for utility than show.

It was once intended to arrange the hymns according to the texts of Scripture which appear to have suggested them, or which they were adapted to illustrate—thus making the volume a sort of running metrical commentary on the Bible. But so large a majority of them are on *subjects* rather than on *texts*, that it was found impossible to follow out the plan with satisfaction. An analysis of the subjects has therefore been preferred as better suited to the nature of the work. Even this has not been free from difficulty. Several topics are often introduced to the same hymn, and that which determined its appropriation was the one which appeared most prominent. In hymns relating to but one subject, the mode of treating it and the tone of feeling expressed, had to be consulted to decide whether it belonged to doctrinal, practical, or experimental religion.

Dr. Watts regretted that "of all our religious so-

lemnities, psalmody is the most unhappily managed." It is hoped that his censure will not apply in its full extent at present; yet there is still much room for improvement. Meetings for practice, judiciously conducted, and the introduction of singing to family worship, would render an important service to congregational psalmody. Care should be taken that the tunes sung are adapted to the hymns, so that the music may encourage devotion.* Let every worshipper join to the best of his ability, and let all *stand up* to praise the Lord. If possible, the interruptions occasioned by giving out the lines should be avoided. The best rules, however, will fail unless the spirit of praise be infused through a congregation. If the heart be not influenced by devotion, whatever there may be of melody and music, our service will be no better than sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal in the ears of the Lord of hosts.

Having first commended the volume to Him who inhabits the praises of Israel, and implored the divine blessing upon it, the compiler now lays it before the Christian public. Should it be the means of promoting devotion and edification, the trouble of preparing it, though considerable, will be amply repaid.

Charlemont Mall,
Sept. 1, 1829.

* *A Selection of* Tunes, adapted to the various metres in this *Volume, is at* present preparing, and will be shortly published.

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Note.—An asterisk placed before a hymn, denotes that it is copyright, and inserted by permission. The hymns which have two are original, excepting No. 379, which should have only *one.*

HYMNS

FOR

CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP.

Part First.

GENERAL PRAISE TO GOD.

1.

C. M. *Exhortation to Praise.* Psalm cvii. 8.

1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspir'd;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fir'd!

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame encompass'd round
With death's unnumber'd pains!

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads ev'ry minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought!

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes!

5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day!

2.

L. M. *Praise to Jehovah* Psalm cxlviii. 1, 2, 13, 14.

1 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell:
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And tell how great his glories be.

3 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Let the Creator's name be known:
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

4 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word;
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

5 Sing of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

3.

C. M. *God's dominion celebrated.* Psalm xcv. 1—7.

1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, bow before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

**4.

L. M. *Praise to the Divine Majesty.* 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.

1 If subjects of an earthly king
Their monarch's glories wide proclaim,
The saints with greater zeal may sing
The honours of Jehovah's name.

2 His majesty exceeds all thought,
His judgments are unsearchable,
His will the world from nothing brought,
How great his grace no tongue can tell.

3 In robes of uncreated light
He fills his throne of brightness great;
Invisible to mortal sight
The bless'd and only Potentate.

4 The purpose which his will records,
His arm omnipotent maintains;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
O'er all the universe he reigns.

5 Angels their noblest anthems raise
To him as God alone ador'd;
While seraphim respond his praise,
The Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

6 Come saints, with all your pow'rs, and bow
In lowly homage at his feet;
He waits t'accept your tribute now,
He waits upon the mercy-seat.

7 Trusting the Mediator's name,
With filial fear and joy draw nigh;
Unite his glories to proclaim,
Approach, and sound his honours high.

5.

6. 8. 4. *Praise to the God of Abraham.* Gen. xxxi. 42.

1 THE God of Abr'am praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heav'n confess'd;
We bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abr'am praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And Him our only portion make,
Our shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abr'am praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace,
Shall guide us through the wilderness
To see his face.
He is our faithful Friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:

"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abr'am's God and ours!
We join the heav'nly lays,
And celebrate, with all our pow'rs,
His worthy praise.

6.

L. M. *Universal Praise.* Isai. vi. 1—3; Rev. v. 13, 14.

1 We praise, we worship thee, O God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r we sound abroad;
All nations bow before thy throne,
And thee the great Jehovah own.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the pow'rs and thrones in heav'n,
Eternal praise to thee is giv'n.

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!
Thou God of Hosts, by all ador'd!
Earth and the heav'ns are full of thee,
Thy light, thy pow'r, thy majesty!

4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

5 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;—
Creator, Saviour, Comforter!

7.

C. M. *God's praise perpetuated.* Psalm cxlv. 1—13.

1 Long as we live we'll praise thy name,
Our King, our God of love;
Our bless'd employ shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great;
We'll sing the honours of his throne,
His works of grace repeat.

3 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

4 Creatures with all their endless race,
His pow'r and skill proclaim;
But saints who taste his richer grace,
Delight to bless his name.

5 Fathers to sons his name shall bear,
And make them learn his ways;
Ages to come his truth declare,
And nations sound his praise.

6 The world was fashion'd by his hands;
His saints are rul'd by love;
And his eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

8.

L. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and works.* Ps. cxlv.

1 O God, our King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of our days;
Thy grace employ our humble tongues,
Till death and glory raise our songs.

2 Thy truth and justice we'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make our songs
The joy and labour of their tongues.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

9.

S. M. *God glorified by his works, and worshipped by his people.* Psalm cxlv. 9, 10.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how display'd abroad
Through all creation's frame!

2 Nature in ev'ry place
Her varied homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t'express
Thy well-deserved praise.

3 Ye saints, arise and bring
The tribute justly due;
O'er all his works the heav'nly King
Has highly favour'd you.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of your days,
And to the Lord your souls ascend
In ceaseless songs of praise.

10.

C. M. *God's glory manifested in creation.* Gen. i. 1.

1 WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd creation by his word,
And then pronounc'd it good.

4 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
We would thy praise prolong;
But the new world of grace demands
A new and nobler song.

5 'Tis there thy brightest glories shine;
There truth and holiness,
With wisdom, pow'r, and mercy join,
To save our guilty race.

6 Creator, Saviour! lo, we bow
Adoring at thy throne:
May all thy great salvation know,
Who thee their Maker own.

11.

S. M. *The revelation of God in his word superior to that afforded in his works.* Psalm xix.

1 Behold, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God!
And all the shining worlds on high,
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 In the remotest land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

3 To us he sends his word,
The message of his grace,
Proclaims himself the saving Lord,—
Jehovah, God of peace.

4 How perfect and how plain,
Are his instructions giv'n!

O may we never read in vain,
But learn the path to heav'n!

5 While, with our heart and tongue,
We spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
Our Saviour and our God!

12.

L. M. *The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.* Heb. 1. 3.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, ye saints, the strains prolong;
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 Behold it shines in Jesus' face,
Bright image of Jehovah's grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim thy wonders, mighty God!
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
Our thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye, heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

6 Oh, may we live to reach the place
Where he reveals his glorious face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

13.

L. M. *The divine glory manifested in Redemption.*
2 Cor. iii. 10, 18.

1 The heav'ns, and earth, and seas, declare
Thy glory, Lord, and constant care;
Proofs of thy wisdom and thy pow'r
Are furnish'd by each passing hour.

2 But when we view thy works of grace
Accomplish'd for our fallen race;
No more we ask the stars to tell
What Jesus only can reveal.

3 When, in the gospel's fairer skies,
The Sun of righteousness doth rise,
In him at once our eyes behold
More than creation ever told.

4 Creation sings, in strains sublime,
God's praises through the range of time;
But mercy, truth, and holiness,
Shine brightest in redemption's rays.

14.

L. M. *The glory of God displayed in the Cross of Christ.*
1 Cor. i. 23, 24.

1 Nature with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 Here, his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which attribute the best is writ,
His pow'r, his wisdom, or his love.

4 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where Christ the Saviour lov'd and died!
All that the world esteems is loss,
Compar'd with Jesus crucified.

5 We would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship round his heav'nly throne.

15.

C. M. *God's glory in Redemption.* 2 Cor. iii. 18.

1 FATHER! how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where holiness and mercy join,
In their sublimest forms;

3 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe,
We love and we adore;
The highest angel never saw
So much of God before.

4 Here, thy perfections best are known;
Nor can a creature guess,
Which, in redemption, brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And tune their loftiest strains.

6 O may we bear our humble parts
In those exalted songs!
Wonder and joy shall tune our hearts,
And praise command our tongues.

16.

8. 7. *Praise for Creation, Providence, and Redemption.*
Founded on various Scriptures.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May not mortals sing thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art all creation's theme.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days;
Through all earth and heav'n be sounded,
Thy most just and worthy praise.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,
For thy works of pow'r and wonder,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.

4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings the angel—guides the sparrow,
Blessed be thy glorious reign.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Through the bloodshed of the Lamb,
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
To attempt the lofty theme.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Flee, ye saints, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.

7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover us ungrateful,
Should our tongues refuse to praise.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, thanksgivings, ever flow.

9 Now ascended, mighty Saviour,
Chang'd the footstool for the throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Make the universe thine own.

10 Mercy's triumphs thus completed
From above proclaim "'tis done!"
Grant us, Lord, this great salvation,
Thou hast for thy people won.

17.

7s. *Creation, Providence, and Redemption.* Ps. cxxxvi.

1 Let us with a grateful mind,
Praise the Lord supremely kind;
Great his pow'r, his goodness great,
Join his praise to celebrate:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Wide he spread the skies above,
And enrich'd the earth with love,
Form'd the heav'nly worlds so bright,
Fill'd the universe with light:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed,
And supplies our varied need;
Man and beast his bounty share,
Saints are his peculiar care:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He the chosen tribes did bless,
Journeying through the wilderness,
Rescu'd them from Pharaoh's hand,
Led them to the promis'd land:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He, with a propitious eye,
Look'd upon us from on high,
When through our first father's fall
Captives under Satan's thrall:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He salvation to us brought,
By his Son's atonement wrought;
And his Spirit freely giv'n,
Seals to us the bliss of heav'n:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us then, with grateful mind,
Praise the Lord supremely kind;
Great his pow'r, his goodness great
Join his praise to celebrate:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

18.

148th. *God's wonders in Creation and Redemp*
Psalm cxxxvi.

1 Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace are still the sam
And let his name have endless praise

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure:
And ever sure abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe;

From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glory sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

19.

L. M. *God's wonders in Creation and Redemption.* Ps. cxxxvi.

1 Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of Hosts renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He saw transgressors dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

20.

L. M. *God's Perfections, Providence, and Salvation.*
Psalm xxxvi. 5—9.

1 High in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge;
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 O God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
Thy mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

21.

C. M. *Providence merciful, though mysterious.* Ps. xcvii. 2.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

22.

L. M. *Praise to God for his works of mercy.* Psalm cxlvi.

1 Praise ye the Lord; our hearts shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now, while the flesh is our abode,
And when our souls ascend to God.

2 Praise shall employ our noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures:
Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Happy the men whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He sends the troubled conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ners sweet release.

5 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

6 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
And brings them with himself to dwell.
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

23.

148th. *The Greatness of God.* 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?

And will he write his name,
Our Father and our Friend?
We love his name, we love his word;
Join all our pow'rs, and praise the Lord.

24.

C. M. *God's Eternity and man's mortality.* Ps. xc. 1—4.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return, ye sons of men;'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

25.

L. M. *The Power of God.* Psalm cxlvii. 5.

1 Enthron'd on high th' Almighty reigns
With sov'reign universal sway;

He executes what he ordains;
Omnipotence no hand can stay.

2 The thunder of his glorious pow'r
What creature mind can understand?
Archangels wonder and adore;—
Hell trembles at his dread command.

3 Armies are nothing to the Lord,—
They flee like chaff before the wind;
And worlds, if he should give the word,
Vanish, and leave no trace behind.

4 Come, sinners, bow before his throne;
With contrite hearts draw nigh to God;
"Be wise" in time, and "kiss the Son,"
Lest ye be crush'd beneath his rod.

5 Ye saints rejoice; Jehovah's pow'r,
Which works according to his will,
Is pledg'd your safety to ensure,
And shall his promises fulfil.

26.

L. M. *God our Saviour unchangeable.* Heb. i. 11, 12.

1 With rev'rence, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honours of thy name:
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his changeless glories known.

2 Through all succeeding ages he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.

3 The same his pow'r his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

4 Let nature change, and sink, and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his heav'nly throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

27.

C. M. *God infinite, sovereign, and eternal.* Psalm xc. 2, 4.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

28.

L. M. *God's Omniscience and Omnipresence.* Ps. cxxxix.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen us through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view

Our rising and our resting hours,
Our heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 Our thoughts, before they are our own,
Are to our God distinctly known;
He knows the words we mean to speak,
Ere from our op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r we stand;
On ev'ry side we find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge! vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
Our souls, with all the pow'rs we boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Lord, search our hearts, try ev'ry thought,
Though our own minds accuse us not;
O turn our feet whene'er we stray,
And lead us in thy perfect way.

6 Thus may thy grace surround us still,
To guard our souls from ev'ry ill;
While through this desert world we rove
As pilgrims to the rest above.

**29.

L. M. *The Holiness of God.* Exodus xv. 11.

1 O God! assist us while we raise
An humble tribute to thy praise:
To thee our song we now address,
As glorious in holiness.

2 By flaming seraphim ador'd
The holy, holy, holy Lord;
Thou art declar'd of purer eye
Than to behold iniquity.

3 'Twas prov'd—when from their seats in heav'n
Angels were down to darkness driv'n;
'Twas prov'd,—when all the delug'd world
At once was to destruction hurl'd.

4 Bright, in the records of thy law,
It shines, and fills our souls with awe;
The dispensations of thy throne
Throughout combine to make it known.

5 Where then must guilty worms appear?
How, to thy footstool, Lord, draw near?
Sin, in thy presence, cannot stand,
But meets the vengeance of thy hand.

6 Jesus has suffer'd in our stead,
A great sin-off'ring once he bled;
His death removes our enmity,
And gives us bold approach to thee.

7 When, as our Substitute, he stood
Ordain'd to bear the curse of God,
The Lord of glory was not spar'd
That righteousness might be declar'd.

8 'Tis here, O God of love, we know,
More than all things besides could show,
Nor mind can think, nor tongue express,
How glorious is thy holiness.

30

L. M. *The Condescension of God.* 2 Chron. vi. 18.

1 Up to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 God that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

3 Still might he fill his starry throne,
Surrounded by adoring throngs;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our songs.

4 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

5 O could our hearts, Great God! devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

**31.

L. M. *The Love of God.* 1 John iv. 8—11.

1 Come saints, prepare your noblest songs,
A theme sublime invites your tongues;
Join all your pow'rs to sound abroad
The wonders of the love of God.

2 His majesty inspires our fear;
His pow'r and skill his works declare;—
But the bless'd gospel from above,
Proclaims his nature,—" God is love."

3 Sing of its magnitude;—how great!
It reigns on high in sov'reign state;
Wide as his empire it extends;—
It ever was—and never ends.

4 Sing of its properties;—how pure
In all its actings; and how sure;
The gracious purpose of his will,
Omnipotence and truth fulfil.

5 Sing of its doings;—mark the plan
His wisdom fram'd for saving man;
There, more of glory has appear'd,
Than when the universe was rear'd.

6 Sing of its gifts;—and seek to tell
The grace which gave Immanuel;
And, through his sacrifice, bestows
Peace and salvation on its foes.

7 Sing of its objects;—ah! how mean,—
How worthless,—how defil'd with sin;
Who had God's indignation dar'd—
Vessels of wrath, for hell prepar'd.

8 This love transcends a seraph's strain;
His thought, to grasp it, strives in vain:
Its height, its depth, its length around,
No mind but thine, O God, has found.

32.

L. M. *The Goodness of God.* Psalm cxlv.

1 THY GOODNESS, Lord, triumphant reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams refreshing flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through NATURE's range its glories shine;
The works of PROVIDENCE are thine:—
And GRACE erects our ruin'd frame,
A living temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
To taste, and feel, how GOOD thou art:
With grateful love, and rev'rend fear,
To know how bless'd thy children are.

4 Let nature burst into a song;
The echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, an anthem raise,
Harmonious to their Maker's praise.

5 Ye saints, with joy, the theme pursue;
Its sweetest notes belong to you;
Elected by your heav'nly King,
For ever round his throne to sing.

33.

7s. *Divine Goodness.* Psalm. cxi.

1 GRATEFUL notes, and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing:
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail! celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd:
Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love.

3 Though unworthy, bow thine ear,
And our thanks vouchsafe to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When, in heav'n, we stand and sing.

4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great:
Look with pity from thy throne,—
Send thy Holy Spirit down.

5 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

6 Then, with angels, we'll again
Wake a sweeter, louder strain:
Then, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

7 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join sweet harmony:
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail! celestial Goodness, hail!

34.

8.8.6. *The Goodness of God in Providence an*
demption. Psalm. xxxi. 19.

1 LET every tuneful accent rise
To him that rules the earth and skies
And makes his glory known:

His providential goodness here,
Crowns each revolving month and year,
With blessings from his throne.

2 But he hath better gifts in store,
For which our thankful hearts adore
The Source of ev'ry good:
He grants to rebels, lost in sin,
Forgiveness, peace, and life divine,
Through the Redeemer's blood.

3 When destitute of help and hope,
His sov'reign mercy rais'd us up,
And sav'd us from despair:
So free, so boundless is his love,
He calls us to the realms above,
And soon will bring us there.

4 Our voices shall in concert join,
To sound in harmony divine,
The lofty tribute true:
Below we'll wake each tuneful string,
And through eternity we'll sing,
The theme for ever new.

35.

112th. *The Pardoning God*, Micah. vii. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself,—divine:
But the fair glories of thy grace
Beyond thine other wonders shine.
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Is there a pard'ning God like thee?
Or grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest die!
Pardon—bestow'd through Jesus' blood!
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!
Where is the pard'ning God like thee?
Or where the grace so rich and free?

4 O may this glorious matchless love,—
This godlike miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise;
"We own no pard'ning God like thee,
"And know no grace so rich and free."

36.

L. M. *The greatness of the Divine Mercy.* Psalm ciii.

1 The Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth; how large his grace!
He makes the mercy-seat his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,—
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he let his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear attends to their complaints.

37.

L. M. *Mercy gradually manifested.* Luke i. 68—79.

1 SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
Descends to rebels doom'd to die:
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound;
How grand, how gladsome is the sound!

2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announc'd the early news,
"The woman's Seed thy head shall bruise."

3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
When Christ, the holy Child, was born;
And in its fullest splendour shone,
When Jesus dying, cried, "'Tis done!"

4 It triumph'd when from death he rose,
And broke the pow'r of all his foes;
And since he took his seat on high,
Now mercy reigns eternally.

5 Till we shall join the heav'nly throng,
This mercy shall be still our song;
Amen! on earth the ransom'd cry,
Amen! the angelic hosts reply.

38.

7s. *Redeeming Love.* Titus iii. 4; 1 John iv. 9, 10.

1 Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in REDEEMING LOVE.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless REDEEMING LOVE.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish unbelieving fears;

See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by REDEEMING LOVE.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and trust REDEEMING LOVE.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's rest:—
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but REDEEMING LOVE.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's REDEEMING LOVE.

7 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string,
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise REDEEMING LOVE.

39.

L. M. *God's preserving and unchangeable grace.* Ps.

1 GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love
His mercies ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record,—
Israel the people whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 Amidst a thousand snares we stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand:
His words our fainting souls revive,
And keep our feeble faith alive.

4 He guides us in his perfect way,
He heals our wand'rings when we stray

Defends us with his pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Unchanging mercy ne'er forsakes.

6 Then let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord:
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

40.

L.M. *God's purposes and promises immutable.* Ps. cxix 89.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as firm as his decrees,
He sets his gracious promises.

3 Oh, for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

4 Then should earth's firmest pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

41.

C. M. *God's faithfulness to his promise in Christ.* 2 Cor. i. 19.

1 PROCLAIM "salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the joyful word
With an immortal pen.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad;
Sing the rich promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
"Abr'am, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abr'am's God.

4 Inscrib'd as on eternal brass,
The gracious promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of hell erase
Those everlasting lines.

5 The arm of saving love is strong
As that which built the skies:
The word that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 In God our grateful hearts rejoice;
His grace our souls adore;
Faith trusts the all-creating voice,
And hope requires no more.

42.

C.M. *God's faithfulness to his covenant.* Ps. lxxxix. 1—5.

1 Our never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne;
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts! thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.

43.

C. M. *The stability of God's covenant, and the sanctifying influence of his truth.* Psalm cxi. 2—5, 10.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is his Name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin;
The surest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

4.

148th. *The Father, S[illegible] ly Ghost, worshipped as the One* [illegible]. xxviii. 19.

1 [illegible] tal praise
[illegible] ner's love,

For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joys divine.

4 Almighty God to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails and love adores.

45.

L. M. *Praise to the Trinity.* Rev. i. 4—6.

1 UNITE ye saints in cheerful praise;
To heav'n your joyful voices raise;
Unite in melody divine,—
Let all in heartfelt chorus join.

2 Let sacred joy your breasts inspire;
While love, that pure celestial fire,
Burns with an undiminish'd blaze,
Amid the symphonies of praise.

3 Praise Him, who gave his only Son,
For crimes which rebel worms had done;
Praise Him who hung upon the tree,—
Who groan'd and died on Calvary;

4 Praise Him, whose pow'r alone can move
Our stubborn hearts the Lord to love;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With all your pow'rs, ye ransom'd host.

5 Let your hosannas never cease,
While journeying to the land of peace;
There in sublimer accents raise
Endless seraphic songs of praise.

46.

S. M. *The love of the Father, the grace of the Son, and the power of the Holy Ghost.* 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 While all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high;
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.

2 Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move;
The glory, pow'r, and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing pow'r.

5 Eternal, glorious Lord,
Let all the saints above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And celebrate thy love.

47.

L. M. *Doxology.* Psalm cxvii.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

48.

8s. *Doxology to God the Saviour.* Psalm xlviii. 14.

1 JEHOVAH, our God, we adore,
His people's unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

49.

L. M. *Doxology.* Psalm cxiii. 1.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Be noblest songs of praise address'd,—
Such as the stars of morning sung,
When earth was on its balance hung,—
Such praise as from the seraph choirs,
And saints, whom zeal like their's inspires,
In heav'n above and earth below,
Still flows, and shall for ever flow.

50.

L. M. *Doxology.* Psalm ciii. 20—22.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty
of thy glory. Hallelujah. Amen.

Part Second.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

SECTION FIRST—HIS INCARNATION AND MISSION.

51.

L. M. *Christ's coming announced.* Isaiah xl. 3—5.

1 HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth;
The King appears, behold him nigh!
The God by nature, man by birth!

2 Run to and fro, ye heralds, run;
Proclaim aloud, prepare the way!
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who his mighty arm shall stay?

3 The paths before his feet make straight,
And every obstacle remove:
Bow down, ye hills, your lofty height,
Do homage to redeeming love.

4 Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honours spring to view;
Swift the creating mandate flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

5 Redeemer! now the word fulfil;
Thy glory to our souls make known;
Transform us to obey thy will,
And thee, our Lord and Saviour, own.

6 In us accomplish the design
Of grace, which brought thee from above;
To serve thee, may our pow'rs combine,
Constrain'd by gratitude and love.

52.

C. M. *The Incarnation.* Isaiah ix. 1, 2, 6, 7.

1 THE race that long in darkness lay
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, O righteous Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyful as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heav'n.

4 His name shall be the Prince of peace
The great and mighty Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
For evermore ador'd.

5 His pow'r, increasing still, shall sprea
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

*53.

148th. *The incarnation of Christ.* Luke ii. 1

1 THE long expected morn
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing his birth:
Come, join the bright seraphic throng
Come, share their joys and swell their

2 O! 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angels' tongues!
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs:

This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms.

3 Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the wondrous plan:
Where peace and righteousness embrace,
And justice goes along with grace.

4 Give praise to God on high,
Ye angels round the throne;
Give praise, ye saints, with joy,
Give praise to God alone;
Unite your noblest songs to raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

54.

C. M. *Angels rejoicing at the birth of Christ.* Luke ii. 13,14.

1 MORTALS, awake! with angels join,
And chant the pleasing lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran:
Angelic bands exulting fly,
To bear the news to man.

5 Wrapp'd in the silence of the night,
The world in darkness lay,
When suddenly a glorious light
Shone like a flood of day.

6 Hark! the celestial armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
"Good-will and peace" are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heav'nly throng.

7 With joy the chorus we repeat,
Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

55.

7s. *The Angels' song at the birth of Christ.* Luke ii. 14.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born king;"
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Christ, the glorious Prince of peace;
Christ, the Lord our righteousness.

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear
Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

5 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

6 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.

*56.

8. 7. 4. *The incarnate Saviour worshipped.* Matt. ii. 2.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple doth appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

5 Sinners, bow'd with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes your sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

57.

C. M. *The objects of Christ's mission.* Isa. xlii. 7, lxi. 1.

1 HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!

Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Descends as sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

58.

C. M. *The love of God in the Saviour's mission.* John iii. 16

1 Come, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his only Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, Redeemer! were not arm'
With a revenging rod,

No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of our God;

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

59.

C. M. *Christ's mission for man's salvation.* 1 Tim. i. 15.

1 Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
On wings of love he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

SECTION SECOND—HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

60.

L. M. *The Saviour's agony.* Mark xiv. 32, &c.

1 Come all ye chosen saints of God,
The purchase of redeeming blood,
With pensive pleasure now survey,
The scenes of sad Gethsemane.

2 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;
Was e'er such suff'ring seen before?
What anguish could be added more!

3 Despatch'd from heav'n an angel stood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood;
Ador'd by angels and obey'd,
Now lower than the angels made!

4 Three favour'd servants, left afar,
Were bid to wait, and watch the war:
But, Christ withdrawn, what watch they keep!
They shun the sight—they sink in sleep.

5 He look'd for help, and there was none;
Our Captain kept the field alone:
Soon as the Chief to battle led,
That moment ev'ry soldier fled.

6 Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!
Conceal'd from unbelieving eyes!
Angels astonish'd view'd the scene,
Gaz'd and admir'd what this might mean.

7 Eden provided man with food,
While innocent, and all was good;
But banish'd thence we fly to thee,
O garden of Gethsemane.

61.

8. 8. 7. *The sufferings and death of Christ.* Isaiah liii.

1 Who hath our report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own:
Promis'd Branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring sent to bless you,
Comes too lowly to be known.

2 Tell us, O thou favour'd nation,
What is thy fond expectation?
Some fair spreading lofty tree?
Let not worldly pride confound thee;
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the lowest,—that is He.

3 Like a tender plant that's growing
Where no waters kindly flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground:
Drooping, dying, ye shall view him,
See no charms that draw you to him;
There no beauty will be found.

4 Lo! Messiah unrespected,
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected,
Wounds his form disfiguring:
Marr'd his visage more than any,
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.

5 No deceit his mouth hath spoken,
Blameless, he no law hath broken,
Yet was number'd with the worst:
Why?—because the Lord would grieve him,
Ye who saw it did believe him
For his own offences curs'd!

6 But while him our thoughts accused,
He *for us* alone was bruised,
Yea, for us the victim bled!

With his stripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace secured,
Purchas'd with the blood he shed.

7 Love amazing, so to mind us;
Jesus came from heav'n to find us,
Wand'ring sheep all gone astray;
Lost, undone by our transgressions,
Worse than stripp'd of all possessions,
Debtors without hope to pay.

8 Death our portion; slaves in spirit;
He redeem'd us by his merit,
To a glorious liberty.
Dearly first his goodness bought us,
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and love have made us free.

9 Glory be to Him who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to save us;
Glory to the Son who came!
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever from the whole creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb.

*62.

L. M. "*Behold the man!*" John xix. 5.

1 "Behold the man!"—how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unaw'd,
And without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 "Behold the man!"—by all condemn'd,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemn'd,
A man of suff'ring and of woes.

3 "Behold the man!"—though scorn'd below
He bears the greatest name above;
Archangels at his foot-stool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

4 "Behold the man!"—the world is his;
Yet who on earth so poor as he?
For sinners he submits to this,
For them he stoops to poverty.

5 "Behold the man!"—he knew no sin;
Yet justice smites him with her sword;
He bears the stroke that else had been,
The sinner's portion from the Lord.

6 "Behold the man!"—the "Lord of all,"
His throne is built in heav'n above;
Millions in heav'n before him fall,
They see his face and sing his love.

63.

8. 7. 4. *The Saviour's last words.* John xix. 30.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finish'd!" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord!
"It is finish'd!"
Saints the dying words record.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin aton'd the curse remov'd,
Satan, death and hell defeated,
As his rising fully prov'd.
"It is finish'd!"
Here our hopes do rest unmov'd.

4 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!

Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
All that ancient prophets saw:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All creation join the chorus,
Jesus' mercy to proclaim;
"Hallelujah!"
Glory to the Saviour's name!

64.

L. M. *Redemption completed.* John xvii. 4.

1 "'Tis Finish'd!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died:
"'Tis finish'd!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 "'Tis finish'd!"—all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

3 "'Tis finish'd!"—in his dying groan,
He did for deepest sins atone:
By this his last expiring breath,
Have millions been redeem'd from death.

4 "'Tis finish'd!"—men are reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:
Complete salvation is obtain'd,
Eternal life and glory gain'd.

5 "'Tis finish'd!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard by all the nations round:
"'Tis finish'd!"—let the echo fly,
Through earth below, and worlds on high.

65.

S. M. *The grace of Christ displayed in his death.* 2 Cor. viii. 9.

1 We sing the Saviour's love,
That pitied wretched man;
Delighting in the thoughts of peace,
Ere time and worlds began.

2 We see its smiling beams,
Outshining at his birth;
And trace its lustre, day by day,
While he sojourn'd on earth.

3 But, in his closing hour,
How infinite his grace!
When, bow'd beneath the curse, he died,
To save the chosen race.

4 Ten thousand thousand songs,
With the first seraph's flame,
Sink far below the boundless praise
Of our Immanuel's name.

66.

L. M. *Christ bearing our sins.* John i. 29.

1 Behold the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans, and agony, and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him by faith lift up your eyes,
And hope for mercy through his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, our Lord, we look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy death alone can set us free,
From all our wretchedness and woe.

67.

S. M. *Christ's sufferings for his people.* Isaiah liii. 6, 1

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
Far from the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
He, with the wicked join'd in death,
Appear'd as vile as they.

5 But God has rais'd his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And makes him see a num'rous seed,
The purchase of his pain.

*68.

8. 7. *The greatness of the Sufferer, the guilt of sin, an the sufficiency of the salvation.* Isaiah liii. 2, 5.

1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
Lo, he dies upon the tree!

'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, believers, yes, 'tis He!
'Tis the long-expected Saviour,
David's Son, and David's Lord;
Sacrific'd to bring us favour:
'Tis a true and faithful word.

2 Tell us, ye who heard him groaning,
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress.
Many hands conspir'd to wound him,
None would interpose to save;
But the heaviest stroke that found him,
Was the stroke that Justice gave.

3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great;
Here you view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See *who* bears the awful load!
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
SON OF MAN, AND SON OF GOD.

4 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here's the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the rock of our salvation
Whereupon we joyful trust.
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice which cancels guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on thee their hopes have built.

69.

L. M. *Events attending the crucifixion; and its design.*
Matt. xxvii. 45, 51—53; 1 Peter ii. 24, 25.

1 THE rocks were cleft, the earth did quake,
The slumb'rers of the grave did wake;
The temple's veil was rent in twain,
When Christ our sacrifice was slain.

2 The face of nature beaming bright
Was veil'd in darkness at the sight
Of our Immanuel crucified,
When he for men accursed died.

3 Despised as the man of grief
He died, and was denied belief
By men whose weakness then he wore,
And whose transgressions then he bore.

4 The Mighty One, the Son of God,
For us bore judgment's heavy load,
That by his stripes we might be heal'd,
And mercy to us stand reveal'd.

5 All we like sheep had gone astray
And travers'd sin's destructive way :
But Jesus sav'd us from our sin,
Jesus our Paschal Lamb hath been.

6 Now, Saviour, lo! we bow to thee,
And to thy death from wrath we flee ;
All other refuges must fail,
Thy bloodshed only can prevail.

7 Henceforth, O Jesus! grant us grace,
Constrain'd by love, to live thy praise,
Until from earth our souls remove,
To glorify thy name above.

70.

L. M. *Glorying in the Cross.* Gal. vi. 14.

1 When we survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
Our richest gain we count but loss,
And pour contempt on all our pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast,
Save in the death of Christ our God ;
All the vain things that charm us most,
We sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Could we all nature's realms resign,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands our soul, our life, our all.

*71.

L. M. *Glorying in the Cross.* Gal. vi. 14.

1 We sing the praise of Him who died,
A great atonement on the cross;
The sinner's hope, let men deride,
For it we count the world but loss.

2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup:

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
Removes all terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heav'n above.

**72.

L. M. *The glory of the Cross.* Gal. vi. 14.

1 While others joy in wealth and fame,
Or glory *only* in their shame;

2 A miracle so great
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
In earth below or heav'n above,
Was never known before.

3 In the Redeemer's death,
God's brightest glories shine;
And thence, unseen by man, proceeds
An energy divine.

4 It melts the stony heart,
Subdues the stubborn will,
Transforms from enmity to love,
And makes the storm be still.

5 Its mighty influence draws
Millions estrang'd before;
And brings them to the Saviour's feet
His mercy to adore.

6 Saviour! behold our souls
This bless'd attraction own;
We view the mercy of thy cross,
And worship at thy throne.

75.

C. M. *The triumph of Christ in his death.* Col. ii. 15.

1 We sing the Saviours wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
"'Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finish'd!" our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done:
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to r[illegible] own.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints, from his propitious eye,
Await their sev'ral crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

SECTION THIRD—HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

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*76.

S. M. *The certainty of Christ's resurrection.* Luke xxiv, 15.

1 "THE Lord is ris'n indeed:"
And are the tidings true?
"Yes: we beheld the Saviour bleed,
"And saw him living too."

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed:"
Then is his task perform'd;
The captive surely now is free'd,
And death our foe disarm'd.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed:"
Then hell hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed
To reign in endless day.

4 "The Lord is ris'n indeed:"
He lives to die no more;
He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

5 "The Lord is ris'n indeed:"
Attending angels hear,
Up to the courts of heav'n with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord:
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

77.

7s. *The resurrection of Christ.* Matt. xxviii. 6.

1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er—
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—Thou.

78.

148th. *The resurrection of Christ.* Matt. xxviii. 2—6.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our mighty foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head;

In wild dismay the guards around
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
And the glad tidings bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled
"Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry, "Jesus who bled
"Hath left the dead, no more to die!"

5 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Who sav'd us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And glories gain beyond the skies.

79.

148th. *The perfection of Christ's redemption proved by his resurrection.* Romans viii. 34.

1 The happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save:
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus rose and left the dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom the Surety died?
Or who shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus rose and left the dead.

3 Now the ungodly dares
The holy God draw near;
Justice itself declares
No cause remains for fear:
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus rose and left the dead.

4 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
The victory is won:
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus rose and left the dead.

5 Hail, the triumphant Lord!
The Resurrection thou;
Hail, the incarnate Word!
Before thy throne we bow:
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus rose and left the dead.

80.

C. M. *Christ's triumph over death.* Acts ii. 24.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose,
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 Now Christ our Lord exalted reigns,
And scatters blessings down,
Our Saviour fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode:
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

*81.

8.7.7. *Christ's conquest of his foes.* Isa. lxiii.1—6.

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stain'd with blood:
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'lling onward in his might:
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save:
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain:
Of his foes there's none remaining;
None the contest to maintain:
Fallen now, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected,
By his mighty arm alone;

See the throne for him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne;
'Tis the great reward he gains,
Glorious fruit of all his pains.

5 Mighty Victor! reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won:
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

*82.

7. 6. *The Saviour's triumph hailed and published.* Ps. xcv

1 Now the glorious work is done,
See the Victor coming!
Laden with the spoils he won,
Fresh his honours blooming.
This is he whom many foes
Threaten'd and assaulted;
But above them all he rose,
Now the more exalted.

2 Jesus is the victor's name,
Jesus, Lord of glory;
Fly, ye heralds, spread his fame,
Tell the joyful story.
Make the Saviour's triumph known,
Let the nations hear it;
He alone deserves the crown,
He alone shall wear it.

3 Jesus comes; has won the day,
Go ye forth to meet him;
Bring the palm and strew the way,
With hosannas greet him.
Well his people now may bring,
Songs and exultation,
Since the Victor is their King,
And he brings salvation.

*83.

8.7.7. *The glory of the Saviour's resurrection.* Eph. i. 20.

1 HARK! ten thousand voices sounding
Far and wide throughout the sky;
'Tis the voice of joy abounding;
Jesus lives no more to die.
Come, ye saints, your tribute bring;
Crown him everlasting King.

2 Jesus lives, his conflict over,
Lives to claim his great reward:
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.
Come, ye saints, your tribute bring;
Crown him everlasting King.

3 O what honours now await him!
Friends and foes shall hear his voice:
Tremble ye that disbelieve him;
Ye that love his name rejoice.
Come, ye saints, your tribute bring;
Crown him everlasting King.

4 Heav'n's high throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Saviour's seat;
Lo! the man on earth rejected,
Angels worship at his feet.
Come, ye saints, your tribute bring;
Crown him everlasting King.

5 Day and night they cry before him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the pow'rs of heav'n adore him,
And obey his sov'reign word.
Come, ye saints, your tribute bring;
Crown him everlasting King.

84.

L. M. *Christ's triumphal ascension.* Psalm xxiv. 7—10.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
The Saviour is gone up on high!

The pow'rs of hell are captive led;
See him ascending through the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene!
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever bless'd!

85.

S. M. *Christ's resurrection and glorification.* Rom. iv. 25.

1 Come, saints, with one accord,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.

2 He cloth'd himself in flesh,
To take away our sin;
A fountain open'd in his blood,
To wash the foulest clean.

3 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll;

And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.

4 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head:
Yet he arose, to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

5 Now the Redeemer sits
High on Jehovah's throne;
All heav'n before his footstool bows,
And owns him Lord alone.

6 Henceforth his glories shine
With pure unclouded rays;
And let his praise our tongues employ
Through everlasting days.

86.

7s. *Christ's ascension.* **Psalm lxviii. 18.**

1 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Your triumphant song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

2 Far from earth, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise;
Mark his progress through the sky;
Tow'rds th' expecting worlds on high.

3 Heav'n displays its portals wide;
Mighty Victor, through them ride:
King of kings, ascend thy throne,
Claim dominion as thine own.

4 Praise him all ye heav'nly choirs;
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres:
Join, O earth, the rapt'rous song,
Let the strain be sweet and long.

5 Higher yet the chorus swell!
"Death o'erthrown, and conquer'd hell;
"Where is hell's once dreaded king?
"Where, O death, thy venom'd sting?

87.

C. M. *Christ's ascension and dominion.* Psalm xlvii.

1 O For a shout of sacred joy,
To God, the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne;
He lov'd that chosen race:
But now he calls the world his own,
And Gentiles taste his grace.

6 The courts of Zion are the Lord's,
There is his glory known;
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords
Submit before his throne.

88.

L. M. *Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Holy Spirit.* Psalm lxviii. 17, 18. Ephesians iv. 8.

1 Lord! when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

SECTION FOURTH—HIS OFFICES.

89.

L. M. *The Offices of Christ.* From several Scriptures.

1 Join all the names of love and pow'r,
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
Ye saints with joy and wonder view,
What forms of love he bears for you.

3 The "Angel of the Cov'nant" stands,
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from Jehovah's gracious throne,
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet! we would bless thy name,
Through whom the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath remov'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 Our bright Example and our Guide!
In thy direction we confide;
O may we never from thee stray,
To follow sin's forbidden way!

6 Christ is our Shepherd ; he shall keep
Our wand'ring souls among his sheep ;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 Our Surety undertakes our cause,
Fulfils Jehovah's broken laws ;
Behold our souls at freedom set ;
Our surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Our great High Priest himself has died ;
We need no sacrifice beside:
His blood did once for all atone,
And now he pleads before the throne.

9 Our Advocate appears on high,
To bring estranged rebels nigh ;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Succeeds to turn his love away.

10 Our Lord, our Conqu'ror, and our King !
Thy sceptre and thy sword we sing ;
Thine is the vict'ry, and we sit
As ransom'd captives at thy feet.

11 Aspire, ye saints, to glorious deeds,
The "Captain of Salvation" leads ;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct your way.

12 Should death, and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
We shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

90.

L.M. *God's covenant with Christ the Mediator.* Ps. lxxxix.

1 For ever shall our songs record,
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to the Son he sware and said:
"With thee my covenant is made;
"In thee shall dying sinners live,
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Thou art my Prophet; thou my Priest;
"Thy children shall be ever bless'd;
"Thou art my sov'reign King; thy throne
"Shall stand eternal as my own.

4 "David, my servant whom I chose
"To guard my flock, and crush my foes,
"And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
"Was but a type of Christ my Son."

5 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King:
Celestial pow'rs his wonders show,
While saints adore his grace below.

91.

C.M. *Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.* Heb. iii. 1-6.

1 We bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How just are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves us by his grace;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

92.

C. M. *Christ the antitype of Aaron.* Heb. vii. ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
To cleanse themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt:
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus the King, behold him reign
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
He is the lamb that once was slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives, to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Sinners, give him your cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

93.

L. M. *The greatness and sympathy of Christ as Priest.* Hebrews iv. 14—16.

1 WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Advocate of man appears.

2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies.
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

94.

C. M. *The sympathy and tenderness of Christ our High Priest.* Hebrews ii. 17; iv. 14—16.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His very name is love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In each distressing hour.

95.

C. M. *Christ's remembrance of his people in his intercessions before God.* Exodus xxviii. 29.

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathizing love.

2 Tho' rais'd to heaven's exalted throne
Where angels bow around,
And high, o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honours crown'd;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

96.

L. M. *The intercession of Christ.* Heb. vii. 25.

1 He lives, the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye unbelieving thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In ev'ry dark, distressing, hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
Let this bless'd hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

97.

C. M. *Christ's dominion and priesthood.* Psalm cx. 1—5.

1 Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit;

In Zion let thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

4 "Melchizedek, that wondrous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man who Abr'am bless'd,
"Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Throughout the world his truth shall spread
And endless be his reign.

98.

C. M. *Christ's kingdom the joy of the world.* Ps. xcvii

1 Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

99.

C. M. *The Messiah's kingdom proclaimed.* Psalm xcvi.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way!

5 Behold he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

100.

148th. *The kingdom of Christ rejoiced in.* Psa. xcvii. 1.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!
The Prince of life adore:
O Sion, shout and sing,
And triumph evermore:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
The God of truth and love:
When he had cleans'd our sins,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Saviour giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound "Rejoice."

101.

L. M. *The Saviour's government, and the obligations and happiness of his people.* Psalm xcvii.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Let nations now in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

3 Let universal nature raise
Her songs to God the Saviour's praise;
Angels and kings before him bow,
The pow'rs on high and pow'rs below.

4 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

5 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown:
Those seeds of grace shall spring and rise,
And glorious harvests bless our eyes.

6 Rejoice ye righteous, and record,
The sov'reign honours of your Lord;
None but the souls that know his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

*102.

7s. *Christ's royal majesty.* Revelation xix. 16.

1 "KING of kings and Lord of lords!"
These are great and awful words;
To the Saviour they belong;
Let his people raise their song.

2 Hark! how angels sound his praise,
Fill'd with transport while they gaze;
"Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,
"Lord, are thine for evermore."

3 Crown him then, whom angels sing,
Crown him everlasting king;
Jesus fills the throne above,
Jesus reigns the God of love.

4 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heav'n and earth thy name record:
Pow'r and praise to thee belong;
Lord, accept our feeble song.

5 Soon we hope the day to see,
When we shall from earth be free;
Borne aloft, to heav'n be brought,
There to praise thee as we ought.

6 While we still continue here,
Let this hope our spirits cheer;
And until thy face we see,
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

103.

L. M. *The Saviour's divine majesty.* Isaiah xl. 4, 5, 10.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord th' eternal King,
Who reigns by right, and rules by love;
Let all the church his glory sing,
The saints below and saints above.

2 The everlasting mountains bend
Beneath his glorious awful feet;
The valleys, where he walks, ascend,
And ev'ry step obedient meet.

3 No hand against his will can rise,
No heart against his love can stand,
No place is secret from his eyes,
Not heav'n, nor hell, nor sea, nor land.

4 What he desires to do is done;
The awful mandate of his will,
That moves the universe alone,
Can make the universe stand still.

5 His smile is heav'n, his frown is hell;
His dreadful vengeance breaks his foes:
His favour is the living well,
From which complete salvation flows.

6 Ere long we shall behold his face
And humbly bow before his throne;
While here we sing his glorious grace,
And him our God and sov'reign own.

104.

L. M. *The Saviour's conquests and government.* Ps. xlv.

1 Now be our hearts inspir'd to sing
The honours of our Saviour king;
Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his glories are!

2 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Lord!
Extend the conquests of thy word;
In majesty and glory ride,
And let thy pow'r be magnified.

3 Meekness and truth and righteousness
Urge on the triumphs of thy grace:
While those who dare resist thy sway
At thy dread presence melt away.

4 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
All heav'n submits to thy commands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

105.

L. M. *The royal Conqueror.* Rev. vi. 2. xix. 11—16.

1 Jesus his glorious march begins,
Before him loud hosannas sound;
He saves his people from their sins,
And makes celestial joys abound.

2 Array'd in robes of morning light,
The mighty conqu'ror sits on high;
"The King of kings by sov'reign right,
"And Lord of lords," adorns his thigh.

3 Ten thousand thunders silenc'd, hide
Their dying sounds before his voice;
He speaks of peace, and empires wide
In his all-cheering words rejoice.

4 Before him free salvation flows,
Like a broad river, full and strong,
With chrystal streams of life for those
Who worship as he moves along.

5 By him we live; to him we sing;
To him we look for life to come;
The church obeys him as her King,
The church enjoys him as her home.

106.

L.M. *Christ's dominion over the unseen world.* Rev. i. 18.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.

2 In shame and anguish once he died,
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down ye saints around his seat,
And ye angelic bands adore.

3 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord!
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, pow'r, and love;
Worthy to rule with sov'reign sway,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 When death thy fold on earth invades,
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
Controll'd by thee, their rage promotes
The cause they labour to destroy.

6 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be known,
And call our longing souls to sing
Sublimer praises near thy throne.

107.

C. M. *Christ the Lord of all.* Acts x. 36.

1 All hail, the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all,

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

108.

C. M. *Christ the Prince of peace.* Isaiah ix. 6.

1 Let saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace;

Let saints in heav'n proclaim his praise,
And crown him Prince of peace.

2 Praise him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race:
Praise him who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him Prince of peace.

3 Praise him who intercedes above
Sin's captives to release;
Praise him who rules us by his love,
And crown him Prince of peace.

4 Come sinners lay your weapons down,
Receive Jehovah's grace;
Immanuel for your sov'reign own,
And crown him Prince of peace.

5 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
And view his glorious face;
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him Prince of peace.

109.

L. M. *His people's Forerunner.* Hebrews vi. 20.

1 Jesus, the Lord, our souls adore;
"The man of sorrows" now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns,
And o'er all heav'n his sway maintains.

2 His race for ever is complete,
For ever undisturb'd his seat;
Bright seraphs sound his praises high,
And sing his glorious victory.

3 Yet midst the honours of his throne
He reigns not for himself alone;
In him the saints by faith may view,
Their Lord, and their Forerunner too.

4 When from the earth he rose on high,
Within the veil beyond the sky,

He rose our mansions to prepare,
And shortly we shall enter there.

5 Only a few more years can pass,
Ere, through his faithfulness and grace,
All whom he purchas'd when he died,
Shall with their Lord be glorified.

*110.

11s. *The Lord our Shepherd.* Psalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, no want shall we know;
We feed in green pastures, safe folded we rest;
He leadeth our souls where the still waters flow,
Restores us when wand'ring, sustains when op-
press'd.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though
we stray,
Since he is our guardian, no evil we fear;
His rod shall defend us, his staff be our stay,
No harm can befall, with our Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction our table is spread,
With blessings unmeasur'd our cup runneth o'er;
His Spirit's bless'd unction anointeth our head;
O! what can we ask of his Providence more?

4 Let goodness and faithfulness, bountiful God!
Still follow our steps till we meet thee above;
We seek—by the path which our forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom
of love.

111.

C. M. *Christ our Shepherd.* Psalm xxiii.

1 OUR Shepherd will supply our need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures green he makes us feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings our wand'ring spirits back
When we forsake his ways;
And leads us, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When we walk through the shades of death,
His presence is our stay;
A word of his supporting breath
Drives all our fears away.

4 His hand, in presence of our foes,
Doth still our table spread;
Our cup with blessings overflows,
His oil anoints our head.

5 The sure provisions of our God,
Attend us all our days;
O may his house be our abode,
And all our work be praise.

6 There would we find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
Not as the stranger, or the guest,
But like the child at home.

112.

L.M. *Christ the Steward of God's house.* Isaiah xxii. 22.

1 With humble joy we raise our eyes
Up to the world where Jesus dwells;
Jesus, who reigns above the skies,
To saints below his grace reveals.

2 Of David's royal house the key
Is plac'd in his almighty hand;
Mansions and treasures there we see
Subjected all to his command.

3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain
The massy doors of heav'n to move;
He opens, and they strive again
In vain to shut the gates of love.

4 Girt with omnipotence, he bears
The glories of his Father's name;
Sustains his people's weighty cares,
To everlasting years the same.

5 On him alone our souls depend,
Who governs and provides for all;
In ev'ry trouble, as our Friend,
On him for aid divine we call.

SECTION FIFTH—VARIOUS REPRESENTATIONS OF HIM.

113.

L. M. *Representations of Christ.* From various Scriptures.

1 Go worship at Immanuel's feet;
See, in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of our Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he a Tree? the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough
Is David's root and offspring too.

4 Is he the Head? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

5 Is he ordain'd a Corner-stone,
For men to build their hopes upon?
We'll make him our Foundation too,
Nor fear what earth and hell can do.

6 Is he a Vine? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;

O ! may a lasting union join
Our souls to Christ the living Vine.

7 Is he a Rock? how firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves!
Refreshing streams which from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

8 Is he a Way? he leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
In him we walk with faith and zeal,
'Till we arrive at Zion's hill.

9 Is he a Door? we enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green!
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.

10 Is he a Temple? we adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to this most holy place
We come and find the throne of grace.

11 Is he a Star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
We know his glories from afar,
We know the bright and morning Star.

12 Is he a Sun? his beams are grace;
His course is joy and righteousness,
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

13 O ! may we reach those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
Where he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

14 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
'Till we behold him face to face.

114.

L. M. *The Living Stone.* 1 Peter ii. 4, 5.

1 Come happy souls, who know the Lord,
Who love and trust his sacred word;
With songs address his gracious throne
To Jesus' praise, the "living stone."

2 No other hope shall intervene;
To him we look, on him we lean;
Other foundations we disown,
And build on him the "living stone."

3 Here our salvation rests secure,
This Rock of ages must endure;
Nor can that faith be overthrown
Which rests upon the "living stone."

4 Though by the ignorant and proud,
Jesus, our Lord, is disallow'd,
He is God's well-beloved Son,
Fix'd and approv'd, the "living stone."

5 On him it is ordain'd to raise
A temple to Jehovah's praise,
Compos'd of souls renew'd, who own
No Saviour but the "living stone."

6 There, as prepar'd by sov'reign grace,
Each "lively stone" shall fill its place;
And all shall make that mercy known
Which brought them to the "living stone."

7 View the vast building, see it rise;
The work how great, the plan how wise!
O wondrous fabric, pow'r unknown
That rears it on the "living stone."

8 But most adore Immanuel's name;
His glory and his grace proclaim;
For us, condemn'd, deprav'd, undone,
He gave himself the "living stone."

115.

C.M. *The sure Foundation.* Isaiah xxviii. 16. Mat. xvi. 1

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Our souls adore his name,
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor shall we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

116.

8. 7. 7. *The best Friend.* Solomon's Song v. 16.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Would consent to shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;

Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above ;
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

*117.

L. M. *The Friend of sinners.* Luke vii. 34.

1 We need not be asham'd to own
That he, on whom our hopes depend,
Though now he fills the highest throne,
Was styl'd on earth, "the sinner's Friend."

2 The title came from those who sought
To bring dishonour on his name;
But Jesus then refus'd it not,
Nor sought to vindicate his fame.

3 And now, though heav'n's bright throne is his,
He bears the gracious title still ;
Jesus, the "Friend of sinners" is,
He owns the charge, and ever will.

4 The title that was meant in scorn,
He takes and binds upon his brow ;
And thus the guilty and forlorn
Are taught his character to know.

5 Thus, while his name is set at nought
By those who on their worth depend,
The wretched and the vile are taught
To bless him as "the sinner's Friend."

118.

104th. The Plant of Renown. Ezekiel xxxiv. 29.

All praise to the Lord, whose infinite love,
Reveal'd in his word, he gives us to prove:

While thus we address him who sits on the throne,
For Jesus we bless him, the Plant of renown.

2 What beauties divine, of glory and grace,
Resplendently shine, and smile in his face!
Our crucified Saviour is worthy the crown;
His name is for ever, the Plant of renown.

3 Refreshing his shade, life-giving his fruit,
Extensive his spread, how fix'd is his root!
Beneath him with pleasure his people sit down,
And boast him their treasure, the Plant of renown.

4 In Eden's fair ground, so soon as man fell,
God's love did abound to save him from hell;
This ample provision, Jehovah made known
To faith's holy vision, the Plant of renown.

5 Though ages have roll'd, with numberless storms,
Through changes untold, and war's dread alarms,
Unalter'd we view him; his people him own
As when first they knew him, the Plant of renown.

6 When time shall have ceas'd, eternity come,
With majesty grac'd he ever shall bloom;
His fruit still shall nourish to ages unknown,
And still shall he flourish, the Plant of renown.

**119.

8.7. *The Rose of Sharon.* Sol. Song ii. 1.

1 Rose of Sharon, far excelling
Ev'ry flow'r of mortal birth!
From the glories of thy dwelling
Look upon us plants of earth.
Here thou once didst suffer anguish,
Drought, and floods, and darken'd sky,
Here, beneath the tempest languish
When the storm of wrath was high.

2 Rose of Sharon! then debased,
None can now with thee compare;

In seraphic anthems praised,
Fairest plant of all the fair.
Ever fragrant and unfading,
Thou dost in perfection grow,
Though destruction all-pervading
Devastate the world below.

3 Rose of Sharon! may we never,
Blush the deep-red tint of shame,
If the world in scorn should sever
From the plants that bear thy name;
Us, thy feeble saplings, nourish
By thy wisdom, pow'r, and love;
May we blossom here, and flourish
In thy paradise above.

120.

L. M. *The Star of Bethlehem.* Matt. ii. 9, 10.

1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host—from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas we rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd our found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then our vitals froze,
Death-struck—we ceas'd the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was our guide, our light, our all,
It bade our dark forebodings cease;

And, through the storm, and danger's th
It led us to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—our perils o'er,
We'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for évermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

121.

7s. The morning Star, and Day-spring from on
Rev. xxii. 16.

1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star;
Star of truth that gilds our night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of dea
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread nigh
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Now for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested here.

4 Here behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Now ye morning stars again,
Wake aloud your lofty strain,
Sing, Immanuel from on high
Born on earth for sin to die;

6 Sing, Immanuel rais'd from death,
Conqu'ror of the worlds beneath;
Sing Immanuel on his throne;
Join to make his glories known.

122.

7s. *The Sun of Righteousness.* Malachi iv. 2.

1 SEE the Sun of Truth arise,
Life and light his beams diffuse!
Angels gaze with glad surprise,
And in holy rapture muse.

2 Sons of men, awake! behold
Light so pure, so heav'nly bright!
Once the darkness o'er you roll'd,
Thicker than Egyptian night.

3 Light that drives our fears away,
Light that cheers the heart in woes,
Source of heav'n's unclouded day,
Blessed day! that ne'er shall close.

4 Welcome, welcome, holy light!
Streams of day on darkness pour,
And to eye-balls quench'd in night,
Sight's unutter'd joys restore.

5 Bless'd to whom this light is giv'n!
Glorious views are now reveal'd,
Visions bright of God and heav'n,
All the soul with joy is fill'd.

6 Shine, O shine upon our way,
Ne'er in clouds thy glories hide;
Lest we fall, or lest we stray,
Safely all our footsteps guide.

7 Round the earth thy radiance shed,
Shine on each benighted land;
Cheer the wretched, wake the dead,
Burst in twain each captive band.

8 Glory of the realms on high!
Thou shalt never know decline;
Fix'd in heav'n's meridian sky,
With eternal splendour shine.

123.

L. M. *The Bread of Life.* John vi. 31—35.

1 Our Saviour is the living bread,
By which the souls of men are fed;
In him alone can sinners find,
What satisfies the craving mind.

2 Without this bread, we faint and die;
No other can its place supply;
This only meets the sinner's case,
It gives us life, and health, and peace.

3 As manna to the Jews was giv'n,
This living food descends from heav'n;
And with it we are daily bless'd,
While journeying to the land of rest.

4 Lord! may we evermore be fed
With this celestial, saving bread:
We ask not then the worldling's store,
We seek the "serpent's meat" no more.

124.

C. M. *The Lamb of God.* John i. 36.

1 Contemplate, saints, the source divine,
Whence all your joys have flow'd;
With wond'ring minds, and grateful hearts,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

2 The sacrifice for sin ordain'd
Before earth's pillars stood,
Or seas, or skies, or stars were made,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

3 The antitype of ancient rites,
When goat's and bullock's blood
Was offer'd to atone for sin,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

4 Great theme of sacred prophecy,
Which pointed out the road,

That leads to bliss beyond the sky,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

5 Source of all comfort to the soul
Oppress'd with sin's great load;
Our joy in sorrow, life in death,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

6 The song of ransom'd hosts above,
Who in their blest abode,
Pronounce his praise, and cry aloud,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

125.

C. M. *The Pearl of great price.* Matt. xiii. 45, 46.

1 Ye glitt'ring toys of earth adieu!
We make a nobler choice;
The Saviour's love attracts our view,
In him our souls rejoice.

2 Begone, unworthy of our care,
Ye specious baits of sense:
Inestimable worth is here,
The Pearl of price immense.

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at our call,
Their boasted stores resign,
For thee we would renounce them all,
Thy glories are divine.

5 Though earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of Jesus' love possess'd,
His grace and presence joys impart,
Which make us ever bless'd.

126.

7s. *The Refuge of the guilty.* Isa. xxxii. 2. Psa. xci. 1, 2.

1 Jesus, lover of our souls,
We to thee for safety fly;

While the ocean round us rolls,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide us, O our Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive our souls at last.

2 Other refuge have we none,
All our hopes depend on thee;
Leave, ah! leave us not alone,
Still our strength and comfort be.
All our trust on thee is stay'd,
All our help from thee we bring:
Cover each defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all we want,
Ev'ry good in thee we find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
We are all unrighteousness;
We are full of sin and shame,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep us pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let us take of thee;
Spring thou up in ev'ry heart,
Rise to all eternity.

127.

L. M. *The Hiding place.* Psa. xxxii. 7. Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 HAIL, sov'reign love! that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Praise, to that free, eternal grace,
Which gave to us a "hiding-place."

2 Against the God who rules the sky,
We sinn'd with hands uplifted high;
Expos'd to wrath we stood, a race
Undone without a "hiding-place."

3 When first our guilt and need we saw,
We fled for safety to the law;
But there our trembling souls could trace
No semblance of a "hiding-place."

4 Sinai's dread thunders round us roll'd,
And threaten'd us with woes untold;
Till in the Saviour's righteousness
At length we found a "hiding-place."

5 On him secure our hearts rely;
When God in judgment passes by,
He owns his well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our "hiding-place."

6 Arise, ye saints, and grateful sing;
To Christ your noblest tribute bring;
Extol the glories of his grace,
Who made himself your "hiding-place."

128.

112th. *Christ all in all.* Col. iii. 11.

1 Jesus! thou source of calm repose,
All fulness dwells in thee, divine;
Our strength—to quell the proudest foes,
Our light—in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tow'r,
Our trust, and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, our comforter thou art,
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy beneath the worldling's frown,
In shame our glory and our crown.

3 *In want,* our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty pow'r;

In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death;—our all in all.

SECTION SIXTH.—ASCRIPTIONS OF PRAISE TO HIM

129.

7s. *Praise to Christ.* Psalm xcv. 1—3.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace:
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right-hand in heav'n.

2 Saviour! at thy throne we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only thou:
Thou, the woman's promis'd seed,
Glory of thy church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King:
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church, and we
Worship in their company.

5 We, thy ransom'd flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore:
Ever to us shew thy love,
Till we join thy church above.

130.

S. M. *Saints exhorted* to joy and praise. Psalm xxxiii.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb:

Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come:"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

5 Then shall each raptur'd tongue,
His nobler praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

131.

C. M. *The love of Christ unsearchable.* Eph. iii. 18, 19.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love, immortal flame!
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach;
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

4 Jesus resign'd his throne on high,
He left the realms of bliss,

And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue!
Till strangers love his charming name,
And join the sacred song.

132.

8. 8. 6. *The Saviour's excellencies.* Sol. Song v. 16.

1 O COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine!
We'd soar and touch the heavn'ly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
To cleanse our souls from stains of guilt,
And save from wrath divine:
We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heav'nly dress,
Our souls shall ever shine.

3 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In lofty songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face:
Then with our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
A bless'd eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

133.

C. M. The Saviour's excellencies and benefits. Eph. iii. 8.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound:

Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here, pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd, with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Bless'd Saviour, deign to call us thine,
We cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone our hope relies,
Beneath thy cross we fall:
Our Lord, our Life, our Sacrifice,
Our Saviour, and our All!

134.

148th. *Praise to the Saviour.* Acts iv. 12.

1 Let earth and heav'n agree,
Let men with angels join,
To sing salvation free,
The work of love divine:
To praise the great atoning Lamb,
And his amazing love proclaim.

2 Jesus! life-giving sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n!
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
In which the sons of men can boast,
But his who seeks and saves the lost.

3 This name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:

His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,
And songs of praise his lips employ.

4 Saviour! while hosts above
Resound thy glorious name,
We would thy dying love,
And rising pow'r proclaim;
To celebrate thy worthy praise,
Let heav'n and earth their voices raise.

135.

104th. *The servants of Christ celebrating their Master's praise.* Psalm cxxxiv.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Immanuel's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

*136.

8. 7. *Christ adored.* Eph. i. 20—23.

1 Hail! thou once despised Jesus;
Hail! thou once derided King;
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail! divine, atoning Saviour,
Life is granted through thy name;

By thy merits we find favour,
And we would thy grace proclaim.

2 Jesus hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Grateful praises without ceasing
It is meet for us to give.
O ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest noblest lays;
Join to sing the Saviour's merits,
Join to sing Immanuel's praise.

137.

8.7.4. *Christ's incarnation, death, resurrection, and glorification.* Philippians ii. 6—10.

1 At the time by God appointed,
Seen by holy men of old,
Down from heav'n the Lord's Anointed
Came to seek his scatter'd fold.
Grace amazing!
Grace, whose praise can ne'er be told.

2 View him cradled in the manger,
Chas'd by murder from his birth;
Hated as an outcast stranger,
Crucified and laid in earth:
E'en while dying,
Object of unhallow'd mirth!

3 See him on the third day morning,
Rising from the grave's dark night;

To his anxious friends returning,
Bringing life and joy to light.
Death opposing,
Fell before the Lord of might.

4 View him through the air ascending,
Borne on clouds beyond the sky,
Hosts of angels round attending,
Shouting as they mount on high:
To receive him,
Heav'n's wide portals open fly.

5 Glory now to shame succeeding,
O'er the universe he reigns;
Still the friend of sinners pleading
For the purchase of his pains:
Tender mercy,
Though in heav'n, he yet retains.

6 Honour, blessing, adoration,
Be ascrib'd to God the Son,
By the ransom'd "holy nation,"
For his work of mercy done!
Hallelujah!
While eternal ages run.

*138.

L. M. *The Saviour's original glory, his humiliation, dea and exaltation.* Philippians ii. 6—11.

1 Now raise ye saints, your loftiest strain,
The noblest, sweetest theme invites;
'Tis he who bore our sin and pain,
And in our welfare now delights.

2 'Tis Jesus, high upon his throne,
The praise of all the hosts above;
Who rules the universe alone,
The God of everlasting love.

3 'Tis Jesus, in the form of man,
And lower than the angels made,

To execute the gracious plan,
In God's eternal purpose laid.

4 'Tis Jesus, hanging on the cross;
Mysterious spectacle of woe;
For whom we count the world but loss,
And freely part with all below.

5 'Tis Jesus, rising from the dead,
And now in heav'n "both Christ and Lord;"
His people's Advocate and Head,
Their joy, their crown, their bless'd reward.

6 Ah! Lord, how feeble is our song,
How much below thy matchless love!
But by thy grace we hope ere long,
To raise a nobler strain above.

139.

L. M. *Christ's divinity, humiliation, and glorification.*
John i. 1—3. Rev. i. 17, 18.

1 Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, ye saints, in heav'nly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Ere the wide heavn's were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God;
And must divinely be ador'd.

3 By his own pow'r were all things made,
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

4 But lo! he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

5 *Deep in the shades of gloomy death*
Th' Almighty Captive pris'ner lay;

Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Amongst ten thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, our God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

140.

148th. *Angels ministering to Christ.* 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 O ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne!
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew his wond'rous grace,
His glorious face in heav'n ye view.

2 Ye saw the Holy Child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God, and peace on earth,
At Jesus' birth, proclaim'd abroad.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd;
And joy'd to crown the Victor's head,
When Satan fled before his frown.

4 Around the cursed tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there in sad surprise.

5 Attendant on his tomb
Your host as guardians stay'd,
Until the morn should come
To raise him from the dead;

Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd
The rising Lord, with joys unknown.

6 And when array'd in light
The shining Conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his glorious flight
Up to the throne of God,
And wav'd around your golden wings,
And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

7 Ye saints the theme pursue,
And raise your noblest song;
All praise, and glory too,
To Christ the Lord belong;
For you he bled and rose again,
And still shall reign, your living Head.

141.

C. M. *Angels ministering to Christ.* Heb. i. 6.

1 Beyond the glitt'ring starry sky
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless realms of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps
To offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail,
"Whose unexampled love
"Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms,
"And royalties above!"

4 While from the sons of men on earth
He suffer'd rude disdain,
They laid their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

5 *Through* all his travels here below
They did his steps attend;

Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where, at length,
This wondrous scene would end.

6 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before;
And rise in conqu'ring majesty,
To reign for evermore.

7 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
And with triumphant voices cried,
"The glorious work is done!"

142.

6. 8. 4. *Praise to Christ.* Heb. i. 3.

1 PROCLAIM the lofty praise
Of him who once was slain,
But now is ris'n, through endless days
To live and reign.
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with his blood;
Enthron'd above the farthest sky
Our Saviour God.

2 The Son of God adore;
Ye ransom'd, spread his fame;
With joy and gladness, evermore
Laud his great name.
Let ev'ry tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord;
And ev'ry creature join to bless
Th' incarnate Word,

3 All honour, pow'r, and praise,
To Jesus' name belong;
With hosts seraphic, glad, we raise
The sacred song.
"Worthy the Lamb," they cry,
"That on the cross was slain;
"But now, ascended up on high,
"He lives to reign."

4 He lives, to bless and save
The souls redeem'd by grace,
And rescue from the dreary grave
His chosen race;
And soon we hope, above,
A louder strain to sing;
With all our pow'rs to praise and love
Our Saviour King.

*143.

8. 7. 7. *Praise becomes the saved.* Psalm xxxiii. 1.

1 Let us sing, for we have reason,
Let us join with those above;
Praise is never out of season;
Let us praise the God of love:
We have cause indeed to sing,
Jesus is our glorious King.

2 He whom angels view with wonder,
He whom angels always sing;
He who wields the awful thunder,
Is himself our glorious King.
O! how bless'd his people are!
Bless'd who in his glory share.

3 When we reach the full enjoyment
Of the state where sorrows end,
Praise will be our sweet employment,
We shall praise the sinner's Friend;
Him who wash'd us with his blood,
Sav'd, and brought us nigh to God.

4 But how diff'rent then our praises
From the thanks we render now!
Well our coldness may amaze us,
When we think how much we owe;
But no coldness will remain,
When that glorious state we gain.

5 Yet our Lord accepts our praises
Offer'd while we sojourn here;

He on whom th' archangel gazes
With delight and holy fear,
Hears his people when they sing,
And accepts the praise they bring.

144.

C. M. *Praise to the Saviour.* 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 JESUS! in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus! the angels' sweetest theme!
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well may the skies with wonder view
Glories so great as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy benign control?
Descend, O sov'reign love! desce ,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of redeeming grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

5 Come, gracious Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heav'n and earth adore.

*145.

L. M. *Praise becomes believers.* Psalm xxxiii. 1.

1 How pleasant is the sound of praise!
It well becomes the saints of God;
Should they refuse their songs to raise,
The stones might tell their shame abroad.

2 For him who wash'd you with his blood,
Ye saints your loudest songs prepare;

He found you wand'ring far from God,
And now preserves you by his care.

3 One string there is of sweetest tone,
Reserv'd for sinners sav'd by grace;
'Tis sacred to one theme alone,
And touch'd by one peculiar race.

4 Though angels may with rapture see
How mercy flows through Jesus' blood,
It is not theirs to prove as we,
The cleansing virtue of this flood.

5 While angels praise the heav'nly King,
And worship him as God alone,
The saints with exultation sing
"He wears our nature on the throne."

6 Sweet truth! it yields unceasing cause
Of wonder and of praise above,
That man, who once accursed was,
Should be the object of such love.

7 Great King of angels and of saints!
Whose matchless glories far outshine
What eye beholds, or fancy paints,
Let everlasting praise be thine.

146.

C. M. *The song of the church in honour of the Saviour.*
Revelation v. 8—10.

1 Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 The elders worship at his feet,
The church adores around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 To thee, the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;

Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

147.

148th. *The church uniting in praise to the Saviour.* Rev.

1 On earth the song begins,
In heav'n more sweet and loud,
"To him that cleans'd our sins,
"By his atoning blood;
"To him," they cry, in rapt'rous strain,
"Be honour, pow'r and praise, Amen!"

2 Believers, now repeat
What heav'n with gladness owns;
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go, imitate the choirs above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

3 From heav'n on wings of love
The great Deliv'rer came,
And left his throne above
To bear our sin and shame:
No hand but his such work could do;
No heart but his such love could show.

4 Alone he took the field,
Alone the battle fought;
With his own sword and shield,
The mighty work he wrought;

The mighty work was all his own,
And he shall ever wear the crown.

5 Great Saviour of our race!
How bright thy glories shine!
Divine thy saving grace,
Thy honours are divine.
By all on earth, and all in heav'n,
To thee be endless praises giv'n.

*148.

L. M. *God the Saviour worshipped.* 1 Timothy i. 17.

1 See where the Lord his glory spreads,
And fills the heav'n of heav'ns with light;
Each of his attributes exceeds
The thought of loftiest seraph bright.

2 Around his everlasting throne
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him everlasting king.

3 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours;
He as your Saviour reigns above:
Ye cannot fail while God endures,
Ye cannot want while God is love.

4 Come then and swell the note of praise,
In Jesus' name rejoice and sing:
While angels on his glory gaze,
The saints may cry "Behold our king."

5 Jesus! thou everlasting king,
To thee the praise of heav'n belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

6 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope, ere long, thy face to view;
In heav'n with angels to appear,
And praise thy name as angels do.

The mighty work was all his own,
And he shall ever wear the crown.

5 Great Saviour of our race!
How bright thy glories shine!
Divine thy saving grace,
Thy honours are divine.
By all on earth, and all in heav'n,
To thee be endless praises giv'n.

*148.

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149.

6. 4. "*Worthy the Lamb!*" Rev. v. 12.

1 Glory to God on high:
Let heav'n and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Join all the ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
Tell what his death has won,
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Though we must change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
To him we'll tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious king;
And without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Hark! how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name:
There too may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the heav'ns resound
Worthy the Lamb!

150.

C. M. *The Lamb slain, the object of praise.* Rev. v. 11

1 Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the skies,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

151.

112th. *The homage paid to Christ in heaven.* Rev. v. 9.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, believers, praise
The Saviour's great and glorious name;
Let ev'ry heart that feels his grace
His majesty and love proclaim.
To him who lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, pow'r, and praise, Amen.

2 The saints on high before his throne
In holy robes of spotless white,
Cast at his feet their glories down,
And bow to his imperial right.
To him who lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, pow'r, and praise, Amen.

3 Angels and seraphs all attend
As ministers to do his will,
And with profound submission bend;
All heav'n, when Jesus speaks, is still.
To him who lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, pow'r, and praise, Amen.

4 He ceases, and all heav'n resounds
With his high praise and matchless love;
The glorified with blissful sounds
Fill all the happy plains above.
To him who lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, pow'r, and praise, Amen.

5 "To him," they shout, "to him alone,
"Who bears Jehovah's glories great;
"Who fills the high celestial throne,
"And honours that thrice holy seat:
"To him who lives, but once was slain,
"Be honour, pow'r, and praise, Amen.

6 "To him who bore our sins away,
"And bought us with his precious blood;
"Who taught our feet the heav'nly way,
"And made us kings and priests to God:
"To him who lives, but once was slain,
"Be honour, pow'r, and praise, Amen."

152.

L. M. *The song of angels in honour of the Redeemer.*
Rev. v. 11, 12.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace, who groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who did at Pilate's bar appear;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right;
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:

To him ascribe eternal might,
Who died in weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn:
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

153.

11s. *Saints uniting with angels to praise the Saviour.*
Rev. v. 12, 13.

1 Come saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb,
The theme most sublime of the angels above;
They dwell with delight on the sound of his name,
And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.

2 Come saints and adore him, come, bow at his feet;
Let grateful hosannas unceasing arise;
O give him the glory and praise that is meet,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

3 Behold to what honours the Saviour is rais'd,
He sits on the throne, and he rules over all;
By man once rejected, by seraphs now prais'd,
Heav'n's pow'rs and dominions, him worshipping fall.

4 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain;
But their lofty songs do not equal his love;
The claims of his mercy will ever remain,
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

5 Yet even our service he will not despise,
When we join in his worship and tell of his name:
Then let us unite with the choirs of the skies,
And, trusting his mercy, sing worthy the Lamb.

154.

L. M. *The Saviour's praise celebrated by the whole creation.* Rev. v. 11—13.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heav'n the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs, obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

2 The deed was done; the Lamb was slain;
The groaning earth the burden bore;
He rose, he lives, he lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.

3 Riches and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring:
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.

4 Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-stone shouting "grace!"
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.

5 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise,
The mighty blessings shall proclaim;
Blessings that men to glory raise;
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.

6 Higher, still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice, the note prolong;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

Part Third.

REDEMPTION.

SECTION FIRST.—ITS NATURE AND IMPORTANCE.

155.

C. M. *Salvation celebrated.* Psalm xcvi. 2.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
How welcome to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
Removing all our fears.

2 Salvation! purchas'd by the Lamb
Who died that we might live;
And as the fruit of all his pain
Doth life eternal give.

3 Salvation! O the pow'r and love
Which here triumphant reign!
Deliv'ring from the law's dread curse,
And Satan's galling chain.

4 Salvation! may its tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry kindred, tribe, and tongue
With joy and praise abound.

5 Salvation! to Immanuel's name
Let angels raise their song;
And choirs above, to endless days,
The glorious theme prolong.

6 Salvation! may its sov'reign grace
Our harden'd hearts renew,
And tune our tongues to warmer strains
Than seraphs ever knew.

*156.

8. 7. 7. *The value of redeeming mercy.* Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1 SEE! he comes upon the mountains,
Bringing news of heav'nly birth!
Mercy opens all her fountains,
And directs their streams to earth:
This is news to cheer the sad—
This is news to make us glad.

2 Sing of mercy, sing with gladness,
Let the theme our tongues employ;
Talk no more of gloom and sadness,
Mercy is a theme of joy:
They, we're sure, who know not this,
Do not know what mercy is.

3 But for this delightful subject,
What a waste the earth would seem!
Mercy now on ev'ry object
Sheds a bright and cheerful beam;
Till we knew "the joyful sound,"
All was dark and waste around.

4 Mercy lightens all our crosses,
Mercy mitigates our pains,
Makes amends for all our losses,
And gives worth to what remains;
All our joys from mercy spring,
Let us then of mercy sing.

157.

C. M. *The importance of salvation.* Matt. vi. 33.

1 SALVATION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn;
Its sov'reign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught this world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Salvation should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O! may our hearts, by grace renew'd,
Be the Redeemer's throne;
And be our stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

158.

S. M. *The importance of salvation.* 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 And is there, Lord, indeed,
A judgment yet to come,
Where all mankind shall summon'd be,
To hear their final doom?

2 Must each before that throne
In person, Lord, appear,
To answer for whate'er is done
In life's short sojourn here?

3 Is there a heav'n above,
To which believers go?
And is there too a hell beneath,
Where sinners dwell in woe?

4 Is there no other way,
But Jesus' sacrifice,
Whereby our spirits e'er can reach
The glories of the skies?

5 Great God! is all this true?
We know most true it is;
Though thousands live as if there were
Nothing so false as this.

6 O! send thy Spirit down
On us assembled here,
That all, without exception, may
Believe, repent, and fear.

159.

C. M. *Human depravity and guilt.* Psalm xiv. 2, 3.

1 The Lord from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

2 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's law,
There's none that loves his name.

3 Our souls averse to all that's good,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

4 Children of wrath, conceiv'd in sin;
Soon as we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

5 Wild and unwholesome as the stem
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a healing stream
From an infected spring?

7 Thy wondrous grace alone, O God!
Can make our nature clean;
The Saviour's sacrifice alone
Can purify from sin.

8 O may that grace and sacrifice
Be to our souls applied!
And far as human guilt extends
Thy mercy be enjoy'd.

160.

L. M. *Pardon.* Isaiah xliv. 22, 23.

1 Let heav'n burst forth into a song,
Let earth reflect the joyful sound;
Ye mountains, with the echo ring,
And shout, ye forests all around.

2 The Lord his Israel hath redeem'd,
Hath made his mourning people glad,
And the rich glories of his name
In their salvation hath display'd.

3 Unnumber'd sins, like sable clouds,
Veil'd ev'ry cheerful ray of joy,
And thunders murmur'd through the gloom,
While lightnings pointed to destroy.

4 He spoke, and all the clouds dispers'd,
And heav'n unveil'd its shining face;
The whole creation smil'd anew,
Deck'd in the golden beams of grace.

5 Ye saints inspir'd with grateful love,
Join to pronounce your Saviour bless'd;
Jehovah is the pard'ning God,
To him be noblest praise address'd.

*161.

8. 7. 7. *Liberty.* John viii. 36.

1 Jesus gives to sinners freedom,
Freedom which the world ne'er knew;
Unto them he gives a kingdom;
Heirs of God and glory too.
They are free whom Jesus saves,
All the rest of men are slaves.

2 Slaves of sin, a yoke how grievous!
All are till he makes them free:
Jesus never will deceive us,
He has promis'd liberty.
All who by the truth are freed,
He has said, "are free indeed."

3 But though sin no more enslave us,
It may well our wonder move,
That to him who died to save us
We should so unfaithful prove.
Who so base, so vile as we!
Who so "full of grace" as he!

4 Let us sing the Saviour's praises,
He alone could set us free;
And we hope he soon will raise us
With himself in heav'n to be.
Let us glow with love to him,
Let his grace be all our theme.

**162.

L. M. *Reconciliation with God.* 2 Cor. v. 19—21.

1 With arms uplifted once we fought
Against the majesty on high;
His laws and goodness set at nought,
And proudly dar'd his wrath defy.

2 Blinded in mind, in conscience sear'd,
We knew not, car'd not, what we did;
In league with hell we liv'd, nor fear'd
The awful doom on sin decreed.

3 But, O stupendous grace! behold
God stoops us worms to reconcile;
His Son submits to woes untold,
That rebels might possess his smile.

4 Now, through that sacrifice made known,
Cleansing from sins of deepest dye,
He calls us to approach his throne,
And pleads with us, "Why will ye die?"

5 His matchless love in Christ, reveal'd
By the bless'd Spirit to the soul,
Our enmity is slain, we yield,
And joyful bow to his control.

6 Henceforth his favour we enjoy,
He loves us with paternal love;

On earth his praise is our employ,
His grace shall be our song above.

**163.

Redemption in its various stages the occasion of joy and praise in heaven. From several Scriptures.

1 O! what joy there was in heav'n,
And what thanks to God were giv'n,
When, this beauteous world to frame,
He in might and goodness came;
Songs of praise were heard on high,
Echo'd from the lofty sky.

2 O! what joy there was in heav'n,
And what thanks to God were giv'n,
When he did his love reveal
To our race which from him fell,
And redemption did disclose
As the day of grace arose.

3 O! what joy there was in heav'n,
And what thanks to God were giv'n,
When the angels did proclaim
On the plains of Bethlehem,
"Jesus born, on earth good will,
"God's high praise let heav'n fulfil."

4 O! what joy there was in heav'n,
And what thanks to God were giv'n,
When the Saviour, in his might,
Put the hosts of hell to flight,
Burst the bands of death, and rose
Triumphing o'er all his foes.

5 O! what joy there is in heav'n,
And what thanks to God are giv'n,
When the sinner, gone astray,
Turns into the narrow way,
And the soul, by grace renew'd,
Is with holiness imbu'd.

6 O! what joy will be in heav'n,
And what thanks to God be giv'n,
When, in Christ's millenial reign,
Earth, in universal strain,
Sings "Salvation" to her God,
And becomes his bless'd abode.

7 O! what joy will be in heav'n,
And what thanks to God be giv'n,
When, redemption's works complete,
All the glorified shall meet,
Rais'd from death, and near his throne,
Jesus' wonders to make known.

SECTION SECOND.—PROCEEDING FROM DIVINE GRACE.

164.

S. M. *Salvation by grace.* Romans v. 21.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace all our debt has paid,
Through Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Sent forth, a victim in our stead,
To bear our sin and shame.

4 Grace taught our roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour we meet
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;

It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

165.

L. M. *God's predestination.* Romans viii. 29, 30.

1 Not unto us but to thy grace,
Great Father of eternal love!
Belongs the everlasting praise
That sinners hope to dwell above.

2 Jehovah, sov'reign, just and wise,
Laid the foundation of our peace,
Before he built the lofty skies,
Or form'd the earth, or fill'd the seas.

3 Before his all-creating voice
Adorn'd the sun and moon with light,
Or bid the hosts of heav'n rejoice,
His saints were precious in his sight.

4 He fix'd his people's future lot,
When first he drew creation's plan;
Rejoicing in each favour'd spot,
Where he would dwell with fallen man.

5 No claim had we, who now enjoy
The smiles of our redeeming God;
He only knows who chose us, why
Our hearts are his divine abode.

How free, how glorious is the grace!
How wonderful the sov'reign love!
Which chose our souls, our time, our place,
Before he bid the planets move.

166.

L. M. *Salvation originating in the purpose of God.*
Eph. i. 3, 4. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 Now to the pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours giv'n;
He saves from hell, we bless his name!
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

167.

C. M. *Sin reigning to man's destruction, and grace to his salvation.* Romans v. 20, 21.

1 Behold, beneath sin's tyrant sway,
Mankind resign their breath;
The dreadful summons all obey,
And victims fall to death.

2 But lo! where sin did once prevail,
Destroying all our race,
Grace more illustrious triumphs now,
And reigns through righteousness.

3 High seated on its glorious throne
Grace rules with sov'reign pow'r;
And breaks the tyranny of sin,
Till death is known no more.

4 Grace now to life eternal reigns,
Through our exalted Lord;
For us he endless joys obtain'd,
And be his name ador'd.

168.

C. M. *Salvation by grace not by works.* Titus iii. 3—8.

1 Come saints, with all your pow'rs to praise
And magnify his name,

Who turns you from the dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

2 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which we ourselves have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through the Son.

3 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis only through the Saviour's blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

4 Rais'd from the dead we live anew,
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see Jehovah's face.

5 May we, with filial joy and fear,
In holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
By active virtue crown'd.

*169.

L. M. *Distinguishing grace acknowledged.* 1 Cor. iv. 7.

1 We hear a sound that comes from far,
It fills our souls with joy and love;
Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.

2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes our ears,
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It sooths the soul—it calms our fears—
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

3 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids our hearts rejoice,
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than listen to the Saviour's voice?—

4 Alas for them! the day is near
When mercy will be heard no more!

Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

5 With such we own we once appear'd,
But now we know how great their loss,
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

6 But let us not forget to own
That if we differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone
That oft selects its proudest foes.

170.

11. 8. *Praise for distinguishing grace.* Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 In songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt;
You all would have liv'd, would have died in your sin
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
"'Twas even so, Father," you ever must sing
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight.

5 "'Twas all for thy grace we were brought to
"obey,
"While others were suffer'd to go
"The road which by nature we chose as our
"Which leads to the regions of woe."

5 Then give all the glory to his holy name;
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

SECTION THIRD.—DERIVED THROUGH CHRIST.

171.

C. M. *Justification not by works but by faith in Christ.* Romans iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord!

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convict and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

*172.

8. 7. 7. *Sacrifice necessary to salvation.* Heb. ix. 22.

1 "WITHOUT blood is no remission!"
Thus the Lord proclaims from heav'n;
Blood must flow,—on this condition,
This alone,—is sin forgiv'n;
Yes, a victim must be slain,
Or all hope of life is vain.

2 But the victim—who shall find it,
Such an one as sinners need?
To the altar who shall bind it?
Who shall make the victim bleed?
Questions these of anxious thought,
Till the word of God is brought.

3 God himself provides the victim,
Jesus is the Lamb of God;
Heav'n, and earth, and hell afflict him,
While he bears the sinner's load:
'Tis his blood, and that alone,
Can for human guilt atone.

4 Joyful truth! he bore transgression,
In his body on the cross;
Through his blood there's full remission;
All for him we count but loss;
Jesus for the sinner bleeds,
Nothing more the sinner needs.

**173.

7. 6. *Christ's atonement the only means of purification from guilt.* Zechariah xiii. 1.

1 Behold the open'd fountain
Prepar'd to cleanse from sin!
Christ's death on Calv'ry's mountain
Removes the deepest stain.
What sages long predicted,
We now behold fulfill'd;
Salvation unrestricted,
This sacrifice can yield.

2 All other modes of cleansing,
Which men devise or try,
Are wholly unavailing
Their souls to purify:
Transgressions red like crimson,
May here be wash'd away;
For sinners here's redemption
Abundant, rich, and free.

3 O Sacrifice appointed
To save us from our doom!
O Lamb of God anointed!
To thee by faith we come:
All hope and consolation
We from thy death derive;
Thy wondrous cross and passion
Make dying sinners live.

4 Thy great propitiation
God's righteousness doth shew,
In guilty man's salvation,
From sin and endless woe:
On thee our hopes are founded;
Thy grace our souls adore;
Wide be thy praises sounded,
Henceforth for evermore.

174.

S. M. *The curse of sin removed by the death of Christ.*
John i. 29. 1 John i. 7.

1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Our souls look back to see
The burdens he did bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hope their guilt was there.

4 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

175.

L. M. *Redemption by the precious blood of Christ.* 1 Peter i. 18, 19.

1 Enslav'd by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant-sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched, guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole earth's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release,—
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Unequall'd price! his precious blood
For vile, rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.

5 O Saviour! may thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret, lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

176.

L. M. *Sinners ruined by the fall of Adam, justified by faith in the righteousness of Christ.* Romans v. 17—21.

1 With deep abasement at thy throne,
Our guilt and ruin, Lord, we own;
Adam transgress'd, and we his seed
Are all deprav'd in thought and deed.

2 Condemn'd, our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Confess the justice of thy law;
Yet celebrate the wondrous grace
Which interpos'd to save our race.

3 We sing the everlasting Son
Who join'd our nature to his own:
The second Adam dies, and we
Are freely reconcil'd to thee.

4 By the transgression of the head,
O'er all the condemnation spread;
So by our Lord's obedience now,
Are multitudes made righteous too.

5 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have mankind in Jesus found
Eternal life; there sov'reign grace,
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

177.

L. M. *Justification by the righteousness of Christ.* Phil. iii. 7—9.

1 No more, O God, we boast no more,
Of all the duties we have done;
We quit the hopes we held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love we bear his name,
What was our gain we count but loss;
Our former pride we call our shame,
And nail our glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and we must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may our souls be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of our hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what our Lord has done.

178.

L. M. *Salvation in Christ alone.* Acts iv. 12.

Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,

Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 No other name will heav'n approve;
Thou art the true and living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

3 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide,
Direct our steps, and strength impart.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

179.

8. 8. 6. *Complete salvation in Christ alone.* 1 Cor. iii. 11.

1 Had we ten thousand gifts beside,
We'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there giv'n,
On which to place our hopes of heav'n,
But Christ, the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, we all possess,—
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness combin'd:
In him believing, we draw nigh,
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And full acceptance find.

180.

L.M. *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 Bewilder'd in the shades of night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are fill'd with fears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our righteousness.

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our nature clean:
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow
At once to heal and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess,
Grace, wisdom, strength, and righteousness:
Thou art our all in all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

181.

C. M. *Pardon and sanctification through faith in Christ.*
Isaiah xlv. 24. 1 John i. 7—9.

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

3 Our souls obey th' almighty call,
And flee to this relief:
We would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help our unbelief!

4 To the rich fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, we fly;
Here we would wash our spotted souls
From stains of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
Our reigning sins subdue;
Cast out the tyrants from their seat,
And form our hearts anew.

6 As guilty, weak, and helpless worms
On thy kind arms we fall:
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour and our all.

182.

8.7.4. *Salvation in Christ.* Acts iv. 12.

1 FREE salvation like a river,
Flows from Christ's exalted throne;
Grace on earth and heav'n for ever,
Are his princely gifts alone:
O ye sinners,
Jesus as your Saviour own!

2 Turn away from all your doing;
Through his sacrifice draw near;
Your best works would prove your ruin;
Your worst sins are cancell'd there:
Though unworthy,
Of his grace let none despair.

3 Lord! accept our adoration,
For thy mercy full and free;
Sharing in thy great salvation,
We thy glorious face shall see,
And will render
Everlasting praise to thee.

183.

L. M. *Living water derived from Christ.* John iv. 10.

1 BLESS'D Jesus! source of grace divine!
O what reviving streams are thine!
To us thy living waters give
That we, though dead in sin, may live.

2 No travellers through desert lands,
Mid scorching suns, and burning sands,
More need the copious show'rs of rain,
Than we thy mercy to obtain.

3 Our longing thirsty souls would sing,
"Spring up, celestial Fountain! spring;
"In an abundant river flow
"And cheer our fainting souls below."

4 May this bless'd river, near our side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
And in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

184.

104th. *All fulness in Christ.* Col. i. 19.

1 A FULNESS resides in Jesus our Head,
And ever abides to answer our need;
The Father's good pleasure, has laid up in store,
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

2 Whate'er be our wants we need not despair;
Our num'rous complaints his mercy will hear:
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.

3 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us, and silence our fear,
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

4 When troubles attend, or danger, or strife,
His love will defend and guard us through life;
And when we are fainting and ready to die
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

185.

C.M. *The varied efficacy of Christ's grace.* Isa. xxxv. 4—6.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
Our great Redeemer's praise!

The glories of our God and King,
The wonders of his grace.

2 The Saviour's name dispels our fears,
It bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
And purchase liberty.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
He makes the broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

SECTION FOURTH.—REVEALED IN THE GOSPEL.

186.

L. M. *The holy Scriptures the record of redemption.*
Romans iii. 2.

1 God, who, in various methods, told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads his written word,
That book of life, that true record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is, by this sure conveyance, giv'n.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and blest;

The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 O render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace and boundless love!
Let all mankind receive his word,
And every nation praise the Lord.

187.

C. M. *The Scriptures the only source of saving wisdom.*
Psalm xix. 7—9.

1 LADEN with guilt and full of fears
We come to thee, O Lord!
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy holy word.

2 The sacred record of thy grace
Can all our griefs assuage;
Here we behold our Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 O may thy counsels, mighty God!
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road
Which leads to thy right hand.

188.

C. M. *Value of the Scriptures as the revelation of mercy.*
Psalm cxix. 18, 34, 72, 97.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word,
What endless glory shines;

For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heav'nly pages be
Our ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view our Saviour there.

189.

L. M. *The excellence of the Christian religion as record in the Scriptures.* 2 Tim. i. 13, 14.

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, our Saviour, and our Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan;
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man!

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!

Thy promises, how sure they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault our faith with treach'rous arts,
We'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to our hearts.

190.

. M. *The blessings revealed in the gospel.* Acts xiii. 26.

1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 The pris'ner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies:
Here shines the light which guides our way,
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To mark and learn thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

191.

.. M. *The gospel the only revelation of mercy to the guilty.* Romans i. 16, 17.

1 What shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief from all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 *How shall* we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?

Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell
As save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Should unbelievers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And triumph in his glorious name.

192.

L. M. *The power of the gospel.* Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6.

1 This is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here vouchsafes to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the vain world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

5 May but this grace our souls renew!
Let sinners gaze, and hate us too,
The word that saves us does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

193.

.M. *The law and the gospel contrasted.* Gal. iv. 21—31.

1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Whence comes our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce,
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 Sinners! no more attempt to draw
Your life and comfort from the law;
Flee to the hope the gospel gives,—
The man that trusts the promise lives.

194.

L. M. *Salvation to be obtained only in the present life.* Ecclesiastes ix. 4—6. 2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 GOD has to us the gospel giv'n,
To guide our erring souls to heav'n;
He bids us, while 'tis call'd to-day,
To Jesus flee, nor dare delay.

2 The present life's contracted span,
Is all "th' accepted time" for man;
That season lost, our hope is vain,
No day of grace returns again.

3 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
Beyond the grave to which we haste;
Unchangeable our doom remains,
In *endless joys*, or endless pains.

4 *Ye sinners*, hear the warning voice!
Flee to the Saviour and rejoice!

Turn from your sins! the world forsak
Jehovah calls, salvation seek!

5 If sought, 'tis found; no truth more su
In Christ its blessings are secure:
Now is the time, O sinners come!
Nor risk the unbeliever's doom.

195.

C. M. *God's command to repent.* Acts xvii. 30.

1 "Repent!" the voice celestial cries;
Sinners! no more delay;
Whoever scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a vengeful day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatch'd abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons spreads throughout the ea
Let all attend and fear;
Listen ye men of royal birth,
And let your subjects hear.

4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess,
Embrace the Saviour's mercy now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar,—
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

196.

L. M. *The one thing needful.* Luke x. 42.

1 Why should we lavish out our years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
And, in our varied range of thought,
The one thing needful be forgot?

2 Why should we chase the fleeting wind,
And famish the immortal mind,
While angels from on high look down
And see us spurn a heav'nly crown?

3 The Father calls us from above,
The Saviour shews his dying love,
The Spirit doth the cause sustain,
And shall Jehovah plead in vain?

4 Almighty God! thy pow'r impart,
To fix conviction on the heart;
O, make the haughty scorner wise!
O, make the dead in sin arise!

197.

. M. *Sinners encouraged to return to God.* Hosea vi. 1.

1 Come let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
His people long to mourn.

2 His word commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

198.

L. M. *Backsliders invited to return.* Jer. iii. 22.

1 Return ye wand'rers,—oh! return;
God waits forgiveness to impart;
His pitying eyes our griefs discern,
He bids despondency depart.

2 Return ye wand'rers,—oh! return;
He hears the deep, repentant sigh;
He sees the soften'd spirit mourn,
When no relieving tear is nigh.

3 Return ye wand'rers,—oh! return;
The Saviour calls, he bids you live:
Go, bow before his feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return ye wand'rers,— oh! return;
Let filial love take place of fear;
Dare not the proffer'd mercy spurn,
A Father's voice invites you near.

5 Return ye wand'rers,—oh! return;
Now is th' accepted day of grace:
Lest flames of wrath begin to burn,
The great salvation now embrace.

199.

L. M. *God proposing his mercy to the guilty.* Isaiah i. 18

1 "Come, ye transgressors," saith the Lord,
"However great your sins have been,
"Behold, I leave heav'n's bright abode
"To reason with the sons of men.

2 "No clouds of darkness veil my brow,
"No wrath and lightning flash around;
"I come with words of life and peace;
"Where sin hath reign'd, let grace abound.

3 "With humble faith receive my word,
"And to my gracious sceptre bow;

"I'll make your crimson sins like wool,
"Your scarlet crimes as white as snow.

4 "Unnumber'd blessings on you rest
"Obedient to your Saviour's voice;
"Come sinners trust my faithful word
"And in my pard'ning love rejoice."

200.

C. M. *God's promises by the gospel.* Isaiah lv. 2, 3.

1 In vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls,
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the bless'd fountain, which his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

4 The heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
Which terrors cannot move,
Which fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

5 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

201.

. M. *Invitation to Christ, and happiness dependent on the state of our dispositions.* Matt. xi. 28—30.

1 Behold the Saviour stands and calls;
With faith attend his gracious voice;
His pow'r and mercy he reveals,
To make the sinner's heart rejoice.

2 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy laden sinners come;
"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heav'nly home.

3 "They shall find rest that learn of me,
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

4 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is easy to his neck,
"My grace shall make the burden light."

5 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

202.

L.M. *Christ proclaiming his majesty and mercy to the world.* Isaiah xiv. 21—25.

1 JEHOVAH speaks; let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours and his names.

2 "I am the Last, and I the First,
"The Saviour God, and God the Just;
"There's none beside pretends to show
"Such justice and salvation too.

3 "Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
"Just on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from distant lands,
"Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word in vain return;
"To me shall all men bend the knee,
"And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.

5 "In me alone shall men confess,
"Lies all their strength and righteousness;
"But such as dare despise my name,
"I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
"Of Isr'el from their sins be freed;
"And by their shining graces prove
"Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

203.

148th. *The gospel jubilee.* Leviticus xxv. 9, 10.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through ev'ry land proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
May have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;

Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mourning souls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

**204.

8. 7. *Glad tidings.* Luke ii. 10.

1 Joyful tidings now are sounding
Of Jehovah's sov'reign grace,
Through the Lord of life abounding,
To our helpless ruin'd race.

2 News of pardon; full redemption
Granted by the Lord most high;
From the curse complete exemption,
Rebels are to God brought nigh.

3 News of conquest; O how glorious!
Won by God our Saviour great;
See him, o'er our foes victorious,
Riding in triumphal state!

4 News of peace; the war is ending;
Man enjoys his Maker's smile;
God in Christ, from heav'n descending,
Comes his foes to reconcile.

5 News of freedom; captives saved
From the yoke of Satan's thrall;
Jesus, who redeems th' enslaved,
Liberty proclaims to all.

6 News of healing; for diseases
Deep and deadly in our hearts;
Christ the wounded conscience eases,
Life eternal he imparts.

7 News of riches; far transcending
All the toys that worldlings prize;
Glories bright and never-ending,
Crowns unfading in the skies.

8 Join our praises to adore him
Who bestows these blessings great;
Loud thanksgivings sing before him,
Join his praise to celebrate.

205.

C. M. *Value and abundance of the blessings discovered in the gospel.* Isaiah lv. 1, 2.

1 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind;—

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
From springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join:
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 *Great God! the* treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Jesus invites to heav'nly joys,
Why should you yet delay?

206.

C. M. *The invitation of divine mercy.* Isaiah lv. 1–

1 Ho! ye that thirst approach the spring,
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain, all,
Without a price, may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight
Will you in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance wast
On trifles light as air?

3 "My stores of grace," Jehovah cries,
"Both health and pleasure give;
"Incline your ear and come to me,
"Hear, and your soul shall live.

4 "With you a cov'nant I will make,
"That ever shall endure;
"A hope divine, my word reveals,
"And David's mercies sure.

5 "Behold he comes! your Leader comes,
"With might and honour crown'd;
"A witness who shall spread my name
"To earth's remotest bound."

6 See! nations hasten to his call,
From ev'ry distant shore;
People unknown shall bow to him,
And Isr'el's God adore.

7 O, seek the Lord, while yet his ear
Is open to your call;
While mercy waiting still is near,
Before his footstool fall.

207.

L. M. *Rest in Christ.* Matt. xi. 28.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and receive the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we receive with thankful hearts
The hope thy gracious word imparts;
We come believing, and rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

208.

8. 7. 4. *Sinners invited to Christ, and the rest which is to be obtained in him.* Matt. xi. 28.

1 Come, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet,
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly open'd eyes,

Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all:
Faith believes it—hope expects it—love desires it—
But it overwhelms them all.

209.

C. M. *The gospel feast.* Luke xiv. 15—23.

1 The King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood, that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heav'n.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed, and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 *All* things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:

Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

210.

8 7. 4. *Sinners invited to the Saviour.* John vi. 37.

1 Come ye sinners poor and wretched,
Love's redeeming work adore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of mercy join'd with pow'r:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Come ye needy, ye are welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
Pardon, safety, love, repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is that you have need of him:
Jesus gives you
Free salvation through his name.

4 See the Saviour, high ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
On his grace by faith depending,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Come then, weary, heavy-laden,
Ruin'd, dying, through the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful courts of heaven
Echo with his glorious name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

*211.

8. 7. 4. *Sinners of every class invited.* Proverbs viii. 1.

1 SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken;
'Tis the God that reigns on high;
He, whose law the world has broken,
Sends you tidings of great joy;
Hear his message,
And believe it, lest ye die.

2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it,
Joyful news from heav'n it brings;
Here's a fountain, O draw near it!
Open'd by the King of kings;
Living water
Thence in streams eternal springs.

3 Hear the gospel, slaves of pleasure,
Here are joys that never end;
Ye whose god is earthly treasure,
Why for nought your labour spend?
Boundless riches
See in Christ the sinner's friend.

4 Ye who with the wise are number'd,
Here may learn what wisdom is;
All by worldly cares encumber'd,
Come and find your rest in this;
'Tis the gospel
Shews the road to perfect bliss.

5 Sinners, hear; why will you perish?
Death to life O why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.

212.

C. M. *Christ seeking admission to the heart.* Rev. iii. 20.

1 See, how the Saviour condescends
To visit fallen men;
See, at the sinner's door he stands
And knocks to enter in.

2 Surprizing grace! and shall our hearts
Unopen'd still remain?
Shall we refuse till he departs,
And let him plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His gracious voice unheard?
And shall our hearts, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 Our sins, alas! with tyrant pow'r,
The dwelling have possess'd;
Legions of traitors close the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

5 Lord, rise in thy all-conqu'ring grace!
Thy mighty pow'r display!
Aw'd by the glories of thy face,
Thy foes shall melt away.

6 Enter with all thy glorious train
Of blessings rich and free;
And may our bosoms, cleans'd from sin,
Henceforth thy temples be!

213.

148th. *The invitations and promises of celestial wisdom.* Prov. iii. 13—18.

1 The Wisdom of the Lord,
Descending from above,
Invites the sons of men
In language full of love:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

2 Her riches are divine;
Her treasures, always full,
Brighter than rubies shine,
And satisfy the soul:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

3 She is a tree of life,
And fruit celestial yields,
Fruit—sin can never give
In all its blasted fields:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

4 On Wisdom's pleasant ways
The sun will always shine,
To cheer the soul with peace,
And prospects all divine:
Oh! come, and try her pleasant ways,
And you shall find her paths are peace.

214.

C. M. *Invitation to young people.* Proverbs viii. 17.

1 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
The Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you:
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those that early seek my grace
"Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, our souls should move,
If once compar'd with thee!
What beauty should command our love,
Like what in Christ we see!

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here we fix our lasting choice,
For here true bliss we find.

SECTION FIFTH.—APPLIED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT.

215.

L. M. *The Holy Spirit revealing and applying the benefits of redemption.* John xvi. 13, 14.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy gracious influence works within,
And breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

216.

C. M. *The preaching of the gospel effectual through divine influence.* 1 Corinthians i. 18, 23, 24.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

217.

L. M. *Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones.* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mould'ring bones revive?
And can the souls of sinners live?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy messengers are sent in vain
To prophecy upon the slain,
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

218.

C. M. *Conversion impossible but by the power of the Holy Spirit.* Job xiv. 4. John iii. 5.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!

The heart unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
And upwards bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

219.

C. M. *Regeneration the effect of divine influence.* John i. 13.

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

220.

L. M. *God commanding the light to shine out of darkness.* Genesis i. 3. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright;
His presence on his throne above,
Fills heav'n with light, and joy, and love.

2 The new-made world his eyes beheld,
In deep chaotic darkness veil'd:
"Let there be light!" Jehovah said;
The light shone forth, the darkness fled.

3 He sees the mind; it lies beneath
The shades of ignorance and death;
He speaks, and gives a vivid ray,
That changes midnight into day.

4 Shine, mighty God! with light divine,
In our benighted bosoms shine!
And let thy glories stand reveal'd
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

221.

L.M. *The various operations of the Holy Spirit.* From several Scriptures.

1 COME, Holy Ghost! our minds inspire,
Create in us all pure desire;
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is light and comfort, pow'r and love.

2 Spirit of truth! thy pow'r display,
To guide us through earth's dreary way:
We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
But long thy praises to proclaim.

3 Author of wisdom! through thy grace
O may we see the Saviour's face!
And learn to sojourn in his ways,
To do his will, and chant his praise.

4 *Great* Comforter! be this our bliss,
To be partakers of that peace,

Which thou alone canst give to men,
The fruit of being born again.

5 Bless'd earnest of the promis'd rest!
Of thine anointing here possess'd,
Thy people seal'd for heav'n appear,
And wait for God their portion there.

222.

. M. *Various blessings through the influence of the Holy Spirit.* Romans v. 5.

1 Come, Holy Spirit! come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrows from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal,
Th' amazing love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts, the flame
Of never dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul;
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

223.

. M. *The enlightening and transforming influence of the Holy Spirit.* Ezekiel xxxvi. 25—27.

1 O Holy Ghost descend!
With energy divine;
And on our poor benighted minds
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From thy celestial stores,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may we daily, hourly feel
Thy quick'ning influence.

3 O melt the frozen heart;
The stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form our souls anew.

4 The blessing will be ours,
But thine shall be the praise;
To Jesus, may we now devote
The remnant of our days.

224.

L. M. *The Holy Spirit's guidance.* Romans viii. 14.

1 Come, gracious Spirit! from above,
With light, and comfort, pow'r and love;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth, O still display,
That we may know and choose thy way;
The fear of God to us impart
That we from him may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take, to dwell with God;
Lead us to heav'n, his seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

5 Thus led and sanctified by thee,
Children of God we all shall be;
Here to his family pertain,
And then with Christ in glory reign.

Part Fourth.

CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

SECTION FIRST.—PUBLIC WORSHIP.

225.

L. M. *The presence of God approached with reverence and thanksgiving.* Psalm c.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

226.

C. M. *Worshipping with reverence and godly fear.* Psalm lxxxix. 5—14.

1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;

His high commands obedient hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How wonderful thy glories be!
Great God, how bright they shine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and light, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 What wisdom, pow'r, and justice join
In all thy works and ways!
And saints of ev'ry age combine
Thy faithfulness to praise.

5 Firm as the universe thy throne,
The throne of sov'reign grace:
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

227.

8. 8. 6. *The divine presence implored at the commencement of worship.* Isaiah vi. 3. lxiv. 1.

1 Thou God of pow'r and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces, while they cry,
"Thrice holy!" to their God most high,
"Thrice holy!" to their King:—

2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom the grace is giv'n;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heav'n.

3 While we in supplication join,
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow thine ear!

And while we listen to thy word,
Or praise thy name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord, appear.

4 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
In love and saving pow'r descend,
To visit thine abode;
Here, to each heart thy grace reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel,
The presence of our God.

228.

C. M. *The Saviour's presence in the congregation of his people implored.* Psalm cxxxii. 8—9, 13 - 18.

1 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word:
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

229.

148th. *Access to God in Zion.* Heb. xii. 18, 22, 23.

1 Rejoice, ye saints of God,
Whose undiverted feet
Still travel Zion's road,
Your gracious Lord to meet:
Whose bosoms glow with holy love,
Whose hearts and hopes are fix'd above.

2 We are not come to gaze
On Sinai's mount with awe;
Or meet the fearful blaze
Of God's most righteous law;
While round us flames of wrath divine
In all their dreadful glories shine:

3 But we are come to hear
The sounds of truth and grace,
That scatter slavish fear,
And kindle hopes of bliss;
That show our wand'ring feet the way,
From darkness to eternal day.

4 Yes, we are come to join
The bright assembled throng,
Who sav'd by love divine,
Exalt th' angelic song;
Who glory in the Saviour's name,
And sing the sin-atoning Lamb.

230.

C. M. *The access and fellowship of saints under the Christian dispensation.* Heb. xii. 18—24.

1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,

Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

231.

L. M. *The church God's dwelling-place, and the seat of the Messiah's government.* Psalm cxxxii.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God;
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence bless'd.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
"And reign for ever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
"And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
"And fill their souls with living bread;

" Sinners that wait before my door
" With rich provision shall be fed.

5 " Girded with truth, and cloth'd with g
" My faithful ministers shall shine ;
" Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
" Made an appearance so divine."

6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sin
The son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

232.

122d. *Joyful attendance on the ordinances of public wo*
Psalm cxxii.

1 How did our souls rejoice,
To hear the welcome voice,
" Come let us seek our God to-day !"
Yes; with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place !
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee r
In thee the saints appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Hath fix'd his royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment there
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest !
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 Our tongues repeat their vows,
" Peace to this sacred house !"
For there our friends and kindred dwell;
And since our glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
Our souls shall ever love thee well.

233.

C. M. *The same.*

1 How did our hearts rejoice to hear
Our friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
" And keep the solemn day !"

2 We love her gates, we love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Where he his glorious name makes known,
The saints with joy repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Our souls shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There our best friends, our kindred dwell,
There God our Saviour reigns.

234.

C. M. *Enjoyment in public worship.* Psalm lxxxiv.

1 Ye saints, how lovely is the place
To which your God resorts !
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 The Holy Spirit from above
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

6 Lord, at thy threshold we would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

7 Could we command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy right-hand,
We'd give them both away.

235.

7s. *The pleasures to be enjoyed in the house of God.*
Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

1 Lord of hosts, how lovely fair,
Ev'n on earth thy dwellings are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heav'n, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows,
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways;
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

5 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
May thy Spirit now impart
Truth and gladness to each heart.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee our God, supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

236.

L. M. *The happiness of social worship on earth and in heaven.* Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 2, 4—7.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With ardent hope and strong desire,
Our souls to thine abode aspire.

2 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Bless'd are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentle rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length:
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

237.

L. M. *The excellence of divine ordinances; the blessedness of the saints.* Psalm lxxxiv. 8—12.

1 GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might we enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt our feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun; he makes our day:
God is our shield; he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,—
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee!

238.

148th. *The excellence of public worship, and the privileges of believers.* Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 2, 4—14.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!

To thine abode our hearts aspire,
With warm desire, to see our God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God vouchsafes to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears;
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears:
And God our King, with bliss complete,
His servants' feet, shall thither bring.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow, on Jacob's race,
Abundant grace, and glory too.

239.

L. M. *Public worship preferred before private; the final prosperity of Zion.* Psalm lxxxvii.

1 God in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall all the nations know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

240.

C. M. *The security of Zion, and the privileges of the saints.* Isaiah xxvi. 1—4.

1 How honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And trusted in his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

241.

148th. *The Gentiles introduced to the church.* Isa. lvi. 6.

1 Great Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which did for Gentiles find,
Within thy courts, a place:
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a house of pray r!

2 Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more, to thee we come,
And find our home, and rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
Our Father King! thy cov'nant grace
Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir on Zion's hill.

242.

8. 8. 6. *The Lord's prayer.* Matthew vi. 9--13.

1 Our Father! whose eternal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
O lend a gracious ear!
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O condescend to hear!

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sov'reign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above!

3 From thy kind hand each temp'ral good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:

Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
And sink into the tomb!

4 Pardon our sins, O God, that rise
And call for vengeance from the skies;
And while we are forgiv'n,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
Nor malice harbour in the breast
That feels the love of heav'n!

5 Protect us in the dang'rous hour,
And from the wily tempter's pow'r
O set our spirits free;
And if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee!

6 Thine is the pow'r, to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,
All glory to thy name;
Let ev'ry creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise
Thy wonders to proclaim!

243.

L. M. *The indwelling of the Holy Spirit and of the Saviour desired.* 1 Cor. vi. 19. Ephesians iii. 17.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth and heav'n hosanna sing.

2 "Hosanna, Lord!" the angels cry;
"Hosanna, Lord!" the saints reply:
Above, beneath, and all around,
The universe shall swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! condescend to hear
Our earnest, our united prayer,
While now assembled in thy name,
We would thy promis'd presence clai

4 Grant, Lord, that hence within our breast
Thy Holy Spirit's grace may rest;
So shall our bosoms hallow'd be
As temples of thy majesty.

5 And in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from ev'ry stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

244.

3. M. *The pleasures of spiritual worship.* Psalm xcii. 1.

1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join;
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his pow'r divine.

2 These seasons of delight
Earnests of glory seem;
Like rays of pure celestial light
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O bless'd assurance this,
Bright dawn of heav'nly day!
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent glow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

5 But oh! the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime,
Where all thy servants meet.

6 Then shall the ransom'd throng
The Saviour's love record;
And shout, in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord."

Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptur'd say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

249.

L.M. *The advantages of divine ordinances.* Ps. xcii. 12-1

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand:
May we within thy courts be seen,
Like the young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above:
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live:
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

250.

8. 7. *The Spirit of praise implored.* 1 Cor. xiv. 15.

1 HOLY Ghost, inspire our praises!
Shed abroad the Saviour's love!
While we chant the name of Jesus,
Deign on ev'ry heart to move!

2 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below!
Bless, O bless this congregation!
On each soul thy grace bestow!

3 Hail ye spirits bright and glorious,
High exalted round the throne;
Now with you we join the chorus,
And your Lord we call our own.

4 God to us his Son hath given;
Saints, your noblest anthems raise;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Sing the great Jehovah's praise.

251.

C. M. *Congregational praise.* Psalm cl.

1 In God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bless'd;
Yet when our voice expires in death,
Our souls shall praise him best.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

252.

C. M. *Benediction.* Numbers vi. 24—26.

1 Eternal Sun of righteousness!
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 Light in thy light, O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,

Renew'd, and sav'd, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
Radiant with favour mild,
And show, without a cloud between,
Jehovah reconcil'd.

4 That all-comprising "peace" bestow,
Sweet pledge of sins forgiv'n;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heav'n.

253.

8. 7. *Benediction.* 2 Corinthians xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
With the Father's boundless love,
And the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Then shall we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in bless'd communion,
Joys which earth could ne'er afford.

SECTION SECOND.—THE LORD'S DAY.

254.

L. M. *The Sabbath welcomed.* Isaiah lviii. 13.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, ye saints, enjoy the rest,
Improve the day your God has bless'd.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the sure pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

255.

C. M. *Sabbath morning.* Psalm v. 3—8.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
Our songs of praise arise;
To thee we will direct our pray'r,
To thee lift up our eyes;

2 Up to the heav'ns where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Their songs and their complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will we resort,
To taste thy mercy there;
We will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide our feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before our face.

256.

C. M. *Sabbath privileges.* Isaiah lviii. 13.

1 BLESS'D day of God! how calm, how bright;
A day of joy and praise;

The lab'rer's rest,—the saint's delight,—
The first and best of days.

2 This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead,
And, as a conqueror, his foes
In glorious triumph led.

3 This day believers doth enrich,
Grace rests upon them all;
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.

4 'Tis the fair dawn of bliss above;
The weary soul's recruit;
The Christian's Goshen,—pledge of love,—
A tree of living fruit.

5 This day we must for God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
O may we spend it in thy fear,
And in thy beauties shine!

6 As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

257.

112th. *The Lord's day.* Genesis ii. 3. Rev. i. 10.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected pow'rs;
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God descends appear no more:
*Omnis*cient God! thy piercing eye
Can ev'ry secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divin

3 The word of life, dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart a humble guest;
O may the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed!

4 The Spirit's pow'rful aid impart;
And let thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

258.

148th. *The Lord's day commemorative of the resurrection of Christ.* Acts ii. 24.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
Its dark domains confin'd:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And, 'midst their shouts, our God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God! thy sword,
Ascend thy conq'ring car,
While justice, truth, and love,
*Main*tain the glorious war;

Victorious thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

259.

C. M. *Christ's resurrection on the first day of the week.* Mark xvi. 1. Matthew xii. 40.

1 BLESS'D morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave, to hold our God,
Unite their pow'rs in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord!
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

260.

C. M. *The Lord's day rejoiced in, and the resurrection of Christ celebrated.* Psalm cxviii. 24—27.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

261.

L. M. *The Lord's day commemorative of Christ's resurrection.* Matthew xxviii. 1—9.

1 HAIL! morning known among the bless'd;
Morning of hope, and joy, and love!
Of heav'nly peace and holy rest!
Pledge of the endless rest above!

2 Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his Son;
Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun!
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye,
When the Redeemer left the dead;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness rais'd her head.

5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day hath giv'n,
For rest and holy joy design'd,
To fit our longing souls for heav'n.

6 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thine influence to our bosoms bring;
Then shall our grateful hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

262.

S. M. *Sabbath worship.* Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 10.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome, to each believer's breast,
The pledge of heav'nly joys!

2 How blessed is the place,
Where our Redeeming God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant honours crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And saints his throne surround.

4 The King himself comes near,
His glories to display;
Before his presence we appear,
And wait, and sing, and pray.

5 One day amidst the place,
While Jesus is within,
Is better than a thousand days
In palaces of sin.

6 Our willing souls could stay
In pleasure such as this,
Till, at his word, they soar away
To realms of perfect bliss.

263.

L. M. Christ's presence among his flock as the great Shepherd of the sheep. Ezekiel xxxiv. 12—16.

1 THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
Another sabbath now behold!

Great Shepherd, let us meet with thee,
Among thy sheep, in this thy fold.

2 Now, Lord, among thy saints appear,
And let thy presence fill the throng;
Thy gracious voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.

3 Gather the lambs with thine own arm,
And satisfy their ev'ry want;
The weak and tempted keep from harm,
And gently lead them lest they faint.

4 Put forth thy shepherd's crook, and stay
Thy wand'ring sheep, and bring them back;
O bring backsliders home to-day,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

5 Thou tender-hearted Shepherd look,
Our sorrows and our sins remove;
And kindly lead thy waiting flock
To the rich pastures of thy love.

264.

L.M. *Rejoicing in the ordinances and day of God.* Ps. xcii.

1 SWEET is the work, O God our King!
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And speak of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the sacred day of rest;
No earthly cares should seize our breast;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 Our souls shall magnify the Lord,
And praise his works, and praise his word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels! how divine!

4 *But O!* what greater joys await
Believers, in the heav'nly state;
Where, all their foes for ever slain,
They with their great Redeemer reign.

5 Sin, their worst enemy before,
Molests and threatens them no more;
Anointed with fresh oil, they stand,
A glorious and triumphant band.

6 There shall we see, and hear, and know,
More than we thought or wish'd below;
And all our pow'rs find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

265.

C. M. *Lord's day evening.* Heb. iv. 9.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
Unlike them as we live.

3 Increase, O Lord! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end.

266.

L. M. *The heavenly sabbath.* Hebrews iv. 9.

1 LORD of the sabbath! here we pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 The sacred joys we here possess,
Are earnests of celestial bliss;
O be it ours in heav'n to share,
The worship of the ransom'd there!

3 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But to that nobler rest above,

Our souls, in faith and hope, aspire,
With ardent love, and strong desire.

4 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

5 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

6 O long expected sabbath, come!
The weary pilgrims sigh for home;
When shall our souls, no more oppress'd,
Enter that everlasting rest!

SECTION THIRD.—THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

267.

S. M. *The privilege of possessing the gospel ministry.*
Isaiah lii. 7—10.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour king!
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!

Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

268.

L. M. *Faithful ministers the gift of Christ to his church.*
Jeremiah iii. 15. Ephesians iv. 11, 12.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel! thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and aid our joys.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd according to thine heart;
Whose courage, faithfulness, and love,
Men shall attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

269.

L. M. *Seeking a pastor as the gift of Providence to the Church.* Isaiah xxx. 20, 21.

1 O God of Zion! bend thine ear,
Thy servants' pray'rs indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wand'ring paths, our trackless ways;
Send forth, O Lord! thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful steps aright.

3 With longing eyes, behold we wait,
As suppliants at thy mercy-seat;
Our drooping hearts, O God! sustain;
Shall Zion seek thy face in vain?

4 O Lord! in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
Soon may our eyes a shepherd see,
Belov'd by us, belov'd by thee.

5 Fed by his care, our souls shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

270.

L. M. *The importance of the pastoral office.* Heb xiii. 17.

1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd the Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for whom the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;

For souls, which must for ever live
In happiness or woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

271.

L. M. *Ministers or missionaries commended to the divine protection and blessing.* 2 Thessalonians iii. 1, 2.

1 With heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend,
Him* whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end!
Nor let him as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty pow'r exert:
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

272.

L. M. *Prayer for missionaries or ministers.* Rom. xv. 29.

1 Father of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou by grace their souls enlarge;

* Or "them," &c. if more than one.

Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe them with energy divine,
In christian virtues may they shine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to win,
From darkness, and the pow'r of sin.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains;
Let mourning souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

*273.

8. 7. 4. *Prayer for missionaries.* 2 Thessalonians iii. 1, 2.

1 SPEED thy servants, Saviour! speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but thou hast freed them,
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be thou with them,
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at thy command;
As their stay thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land,
O preserve them,
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 *When they reach the land of strangers,*
And the prospect dark appears,

Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Lord sustain them,
Hear their sighs, and dry their tears.

4 When no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
And their sinking hopes sustain;
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

5 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee;
When success attends their mission,
May thy servants humbler be;
Never leave them,
Till thy face in heav'n they see.

274.

C. M. *The death of a faithful pastor deplored, and a successor sought.* Jeremiah iii. 15.

1 To thee, O God! when creatures fail,
Thy flock deserted flies;
And on th' eternal Shepherd's care
Our cheerful hope relies.

2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust
Thy saints assembled mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O Zion's God! return.

3 The pow'rs of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through each succeeding race.

4 Display thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless;
And change, to strains of cheerful praise,
Their accents of distress.

With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed;
And persevering in thy ways,
To Zion's mount be led.

SECTION FOURTH.—BAPTISM.

**275.

L. M. *Christ's commission to his apostles, to disciple and baptize all nations.* Matt xxviii. 18—20.

1 Ere he ascended to his rest
Jesus, his servants, thus address'd;
"To me without reserve is giv'n
"All pow'r on earth, all pow'r in heav'n.

2 "Go through the world; proclaim my grace,
"To all the tribes of Adam's race;
"Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free,
"The glories of my love shall see.

3 "As well the Gentile as the Jew,
"The parents and the children too,
"My promises of mercy share;
"To all the covenant declare.

4 "While ye my kingdom wide proclaim,
"Baptize all nations in the name
"Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
"The triune God, and Israel's boast.

5 "When thus discipled, make them know
"All that they should believe or do:
"Go forth, fulfilling my commands;
"I'm with you while creation stands."

**276.

L. M. Spiritual baptism symbolized. 1 Peter iii. 2

1 What love and wisdom, Lord! we t
In this appointment of thy grace,

When, as intended by the sign,
We view the mystery divine.

2 Baptismal water here is shed,
A symbol, which our thoughts should lead
To Jesus' wondrous pow'r to cleanse
From the defilement of our sins.

3 Sprinkled with his atoning blood,
Our souls are reconcil'd to God;
Guilt from the conscience is remov'd,
And we become the Lord's belov'd.

4 His Spirit's influence on us pour'd,
Our souls, by his renewing word,
Are born again, a heav'nly race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

5 O Saviour! hear our earnest pray'r;
May we thy cleansing mercy share;
And all who have receiv'd the sign
Enjoy the mystery divine.

277.

C. M. *Children initiated to the covenant by baptism as formerly by circumcision.* Genesis xvii. 23.

1 Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
"I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
"Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God:
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truth embrace;

To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

278.

7s. *Infants brought to the Saviour.* Mark x. 14.

1 JESUS, condescending Lord!
We with joy obey thy word,
And, while in their infancy,
Bring our little ones to thee.

2 Born they are, like us, in sin;
Thou alone canst make them clean;
And as they baptized are,
O may each thy mercy share.

3 Water-baptism cannot save,
Forms can no such virtue have;
Early to our rising race,
Grant the baptism of thy grace.

279.

C. M. *The Saviour's regard to infants, and parents dedicating their children to him.* Luke xviii. 15, 16.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these
"The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

280.

C. M. *Believers commending their children to the blessing of the redeeming Angel.* Genesis xlviii. 16.

1 THE great redeeming Angel, thee,
O Jesus, we confess;

Do thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.

2 Early discipled to the Lord,
May they be taught of thee:
And, made to know and trust thy word,
Wise to salvation be.

3 Thou who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove,
And bring them through their evil day,
To sing thy praise above.

4 Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of thy grace;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before thy face.

**281.

C. M. *The promise to believers and their seed.* Acts iii. 25.

1 INDULGENT God! whose ear attends
Whene'er thy people plead,
Thy promise made of old extends
To them and to their seed.

2 That ancient promise, Lord, we claim
And bring these babes to thee;
Grant, as presented in thy name,
Thine they may ever be.

3 Thine, great Redeemer, may they prove
If spar'd to youthful age;
In early life let heav'nly love
Their tender minds engage.

4 With zeal divine the parents bless,
Their duty may they see;
That they may teach their infant race,
And train them up for thee.

5 Let thy good Spirit, Lord, baptize
Each soul with special grace;
So shall we all at length arise
To see thy blissful face.

**282.

8.7. *The divine blessing implored on children.* Gen. xvii. 18.

1 LORD of angels! Lord of glory!
Lord of all the worlds above!
We present these babes before thee,
View them with an eye of love.

2 We present them with affection,
And commend them to thy care:
Lord pronounce thy benediction,
Guard their lives from ev'ry snare.

3 Shed on them thy grace abundant;
May their op'ning minds disclose
Treasures lasting, perfume fragrant
As from Eden's richest rose.

4 Or, if death should early waste them,
Sever'd from the parent stem,
Saviour! in thy garland place them,
Twin'd around thy diadem.

**283.

7s. *The baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire.* Matt. iii. 11.

1 SAVIOUR Lord, we look to thee,
From defilement set us free;
Let thy Spirit's unction fall
With transforming pow'r on all:

2 As the great Refiner's fire
Cleansing from impure desire;
Kindling in us flames of love,
Warm as seraph's zeal above;

3 Hallow'd as the mystic blaze
Horeb show'd to Moses' gaze;
Bright as was the glorious cloud
When the Lord the heavens bow'd;

4 Ardent as the cloven flame
Which upon th' apostles came;

Steady as the morning ray
Shining to the perfect day.

5 May our souls this baptism prove,
While through earth to heav'n we move;
Then in glory we shall be
Fill'd with love eternally.

284.

L. M. *Communion with Christ in his death, burial, and resurrection, by spiritual baptism.* Romans vi. 3, &c.

1 Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptis'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God beyond the skies.

3 No more let sin and Satan reign
Over our ransom'd pow'rs again;
The tyrants that we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

SECTION FIFTH.—CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

285.

L. M. *Believers added to the church, and their fellowship subservient to mutual edification.* Acts ii. 47.

1 Lord, we adore thy sov'reign grace,
Which crowns the gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
And bringing to thy fold thy flock.

2 May we who have thy truth confess'd
As our own faith, and hope, and rest,

From day to day still more increase
In faith, and love, and holiness.

3 As living members may we share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in our stations prove
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations now defend,
And keep us stedfast to the end;
While in the ways of life we move,
Until we join the church above.

286.

7s. Concord and sympathy among the members of a christian church. Rom. xv. 6.

1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each another's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
And, with faith and comfort high,
Prove how true believers die.

287.

C. M. *Brotherly love.* Psalm cxxxiii.

1 Lo! what a good and pleasant sight,
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite,
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to ev'ry soul;
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis grateful as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

288.

L.M. *God's people his witnesses before the world.* Isaiah xliii. 10.

1 May we, O God! thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy pow'r unto salvation show,
In love and holiness below:

2 The fulness of thy grace receive,
And simply to thy glory live;
Strongly reflect the light divine,
And in a land of darkness shine.

3 In us let all mankind behold
How Christians liv'd in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

4 O make us of one soul and heart,
The all-conforming mind impart,
Spirit of peace and unity!
Taught, and renew'd, and rul'd, by thee.

*289.

8. 7. 7. *The Lord's vineyard.* Isaiah v. 1.

1 We are, Lord, a vineyard planted
By thy sov'reign pow'r and love;

Let thy people's pray'r be granted,
Show'rs of blessing from above :
Hear, O ! hear us when we pray ;
Keep thy vineyard night and day.

2 Drooping plants revive and nourish ;
Let them thrive beneath thy hand ;
Let the weak grow strong and flourish,
Blooming fair at thy command:
Let the fruitful yield thee more,
Laden with a richer store.

3 Further, Lord, be thou entreated ;
Plant the barren waste around ;
Let thy work be thus completed,
And no fruitless spot be found:
Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

290.

L. M. *The Lord's garden.* Solomon's Song iv. 12, 16.

1 We are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
A little spot enclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 As trees of righteousness we stand,
The planting of Jehovah's hand ;
And living streams in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly wind ! and come ;
Blow on this garden of perfume :
Spirit divine ! descend and breathe,
A gale of grace on souls beneath.

4 Let richest fragrance flow abroad,
In honour of our Saviour God ;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

291.

L. M. *The prosperity of the church desired and rejoiced in.* Psalm cvi. 1 – 5.

1 To God, the great, the ever bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay obedience to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may we see thy church rejoice,
And aid her triumphs with our voice!
This is our glory, Lord! to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

292.

L. M. *Praise and prayer for the office-bearers of the church.* Acts vi. 2—4; 1 Tim. iii.

1 Great King of saints, enthron'd on high,
Under thy care thy churches live:
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.

2 For pastors may thy name be bless'd,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord;
On deacons may thy favour rest,
Chosen according to thy word.

3 While they their works assign'd fulfil,
O may their souls with grace be crown'd;
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness in their lives abound.

4 Sound in the faith, in conscience clear,
Ever may they themselves approve;
Sober and just, devout, sincere,
Guided by wisdom from above.

5 And when their service here is done,
Their labours and their conflicts o'er,
Then may they wait before thy throne,
In heav'n to praise thee evermore.

SECTION SIXTH.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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*293.

L. M. *The Lord's supper.* 1 Cor. xi. 20.

1 HERE is a rich and royal feast,
Provided by the King of heav'n;
How privileg'd are they and bless'd,
To whom the bread of life is giv'n!

2 We worship Him who bore the cross,
We glory in his death alone;
The world itself appears but loss
To those to whom his name is known.

3 We celebrate the great event
On which our peace and hope depend;
We leave the empty world, content
To know the Lord, the sinner's friend.

4 The blood he shed supplies a stream
That washes all our sins away;
How highly should we Him esteem,
Whose death we celebrate to-day.

5 O may his great and glorious name
To us more precious daily grow!
Our love become a purer flame,
And with seraphic ardour glow!

**294.

C. M. *The new covenant in Christ's blood.* Matt. xxvi. 27.

1 THE promise of Jehovah's grace
For ever shall endure;
Its blessings, great beyond our thought,
Are to believers sure.

2 When Jesus took the cup, he said,
(O words of wondrous love!)
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood
"Which does your guilt remove."

3 Founded upon his death are all
God's gifts of grace to men;
And seal'd thereby, immutable
The charter will remain.

4 This symbol of the sacrifice
With humble joy we take;
And trusting only in the cross,
The Saviour's praises speak.

**295.

L. M. *Keeping the christian paschal feast with unleavened bread.* 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

1 CHRIST our great Passover is slain,
This board his bless'd memorial is;
And here we meet, while we remain
As pilgrims to the land of bliss.

2 All malice and iniquity
Be from this table far remov'd;
As order'd, with sincerity
And truth, we keep this feast of love.

3 If in our hearts, O God of heav'n,
Who knowest all things! thou dost see
Aught lurking of the cursed leav'n,
From its defilement set us free.

4 Walking in love and godly fear,
May we the Saviour's praise proclaim;

Until, above, our souls appear,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

*296.

C. M. *Attendance on the Lord's supper, in obedience to the Saviour.* 1 Cor xi. 23.

1 In fellowship we meet around
The table of the Lord;
Let joy and thankfulness abound,
And be his name ador'd.

2 The people whom the Lord appoints
The heirs of glory here,
With holy unction he anoints,
And clothes them with his fear.

3 By wisdom from above, they know
The precepts of his will;
In all his ways they love to go,
And thus his praise fulfil.

4 Obedient to his high command
We take the bread and wine;
May it be ours to understand
The mystery divine.

5 Thus we the Saviour's death would show,
And testify our love,
Till, with the glorified, we go
To see his face above.

297.

L. M. *The Lord's supper designed to remind his followers of their obligations to him.* 1 Cor. xi. 24. 25.

1 Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust the Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;

And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With symbols of his flesh and blood;
With gratitude we eat the bread,
And drink the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

*298.

C. M. *Remembering Christ.* 1 Cor. xi. 24, 25.

1 Yes, Lord, we would remember thee,
While mem'ry keeps its place:
'Tis right we should, for thou art he
Who savest us by grace.

2 Thy body broken on the tree,
Thy blood on Calv'ry shed,
Atone for guilt; and bless'd are they
For whom the victim bled,

3 To us thy great salvation give;
On us, thy people, shine:
In sweet communion may we live
With thee, O Lord, and thine.

4 And when we leave the church below
May it our portion be,
Through grace, with all thy saints, to go
And dwell in heav'n with thee.

299.

C. M. *Grateful remembrance of Christ.* Luke xxii. 19.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe!

3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd,
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! although thy shame
It be our lot to share,
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

300.

C. M. *Christ remembered.* 1 Cor. xi. 24, 25.

1 Remember thee, redeeming Lord!
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life,
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crown'd,
On heav'n's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom on earth
He heav'd his dying groan.

3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet, 'tis the chief of all his joys,
That souls are sav'd from hell.

4 *For this* he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was giv'n;

For this he fought and vanquish'd death;
For this he pleads in heav'n!

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

301.

S. M. *Believers one bread and one body.* 1 Cor. x. 16, 17

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

3 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

*302.

8. 8. 6. *Christian communion in the Lord's supper.* Acts xx. 7.

1 In bless'd communion here we join,
We eat the bread, we drink the wine,
And taste the joys of heav'n;
How highly privileg'd are we,
And O! how thankful should we be,
To whom this grace is giv'n.

2 To join in fellowship, how sweet,
With those who in the Saviour meet,
Enlighten'd from above!
How excellent the pleasure is,
That's found in such a place as this,
Where all are join'd in love.

3 But if such joy is found to flow
From sacred fellowship below,
Then what must heaven be?
Where all the Saviour's people meet,
And see his face in glory great,
Throughout eternity.

303.

L. M. *Gratitude for Christ's love to believers the motive of their love to each other.* Ephesians v. 2.

1 Now be that sacrifice survey'd,
The ransom which the Saviour paid;
That sight familiar to our view,
Yet always wondrous, always new.

2 Bless'd Jesus, while thy grace we sing,
What grateful tribute shall we bring,
That earth, and heav'n, and thou may'st know
How much we love, how much we owe?

3 That off'ring, Lord, thy word hath taught;
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their Master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.

304.

C. M. *Love to the brethren, enjoined by the Saviour's precept, and illustrated by his example.* John xv. 12.

1 Ye foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
And his peculiar law.

2 Let each his sacred law fulfil;
Like his be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.

3 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace his honour'd name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

305.

L. M. *The love of Christ unsearchable.* Eph. iii. 18, 19.

1 JESUS, thy saints assemble here
Thy sov'reign mercy to declare;
O may these happy seasons prove
Earnests of nobler joys above.

2 Thine everlasting love we sing,
Bless'd fountain! whence our comforts spring;
How deep it sinks, how high it flows,
No saint can speak, no angel knows.

3 Its length and breadth no eye can trace,
Nor thought explore the bounds of grace;
The love which saves our souls from hell
Transcends a seraph's tongue to tell.

4 No higher joy may we desire,
No higher theme our songs inspire,
While here, and when we dwell above,
Than our Redeemer's wondrous love.

306.

L. M. *Christ's followers at his table celebrating his praise.* Matthew xxvi. 30.

1 WHILE round the Saviour's board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

2 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd;

And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to ev'ry heart.

307.

L. M. *Shewing the death of Christ.* 1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 At thy command, Redeeming Lord,
Here we attend thy heav'nly feast;
The bread and wine adorn the board,
And saints are with thy presence bless'd.

2 Our faith beholds thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in Him who died;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From the Redeemer crucified.

3 Though the vain world pronounce it shame,
And join to scandalize the cause,
With joy we boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

308.

L. M. *The Lord's table, considered as an emblem of the gospel feast.* 1 Cor. x. 21.

1 How rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table, furnish'd from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame;
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the gospel call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

Praise to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls for ever bless:
To Christ the King, and Christ the Priest,
Let loud hosannahs fill the place.

309.

M. *Introduction to the gospel feast ascribed to grace alone.* Jeremiah xxxi. 3.

1 How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here the rich mercy of our God
In soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Are food for guilty souls.

3 While ev'ry heart and ev'ry song
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?—

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room;
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"—

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and so
Sing thy redeeming grace.

Part Fifth.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

SECTION FIRST.—BEFORE AND AFTER SERMON.

310.

112th. *The presence and blessing of God implored before hearing his word.* Acts x. 33.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

3 To us thy sacred word apply
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

**311.

8. 7. *Before sermon.* Acts iv. 29, 30.

1 LORD, behold us now assembled,
Thy good word of grace to hear;
While we listen to thy message
Let thy glorious pow'r appear.

2 Here accomplish mighty wonders,
Wrought upon the souls of men;
Heal the sick, the blind enlighten,
Loose the wretched captive's chain.

3 Raise the dead, who long have slumber'd,
Aliens from the life of God;
Fill each breast with light and gladness,
By thy Spirit shed abroad.

4 Thus commend thy blessed gospel,
Thus its heav'nly truth declare;
To the Saviour's claims and glories,
In our souls thy witness bear.

5 Lord! by pray'r we now address thee,
In the name of Christ thy Son;
Hear, O! hear our supplication,
Offer'd at thy gracious throne.

312.

S. M. *God's glory celebrated and his word submitted to.*
Psalm xcv.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;

We are his work and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

313.

C. M. *The sower.* Matthew xiii.

1 ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heav'n descend
And shed its influence round.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
May it take root in ev'ry heart,
And grow in faith and love.

3 Let not this life's deceitful cares,
Nor worldly wealth and joy,
Nor tribulation's scorching beam,
The rising plant destroy.

4 Whene'er the word of life is sown,
A large increase bestow,
That all who hear thy message, Lord,
Its saving pow'r may know.

314.

C. M. *Unprofitableness deplored.* Ezekiel xxxiii. 31, 32.

1 LONG have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
Our mem'ries can retain!

3 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

315.

C. M. *The blessedness of knowing the gospel.*
Psalm lxxxix. 15—18.

1 Bless'd are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

*316.

112th. *The wise and foolish builders.* Matt. vii. 24—27.

1 Why build ye on th' unsteady sand,
A worthless house that cannot stand?
Behold, in winter's gloomy day,
That frail support will glide away,
And rising billows quickly sweep
Your baseless fabric to the deep.

2 God hath a sure foundation giv'n,
Fix'd as the firm decrees of heav'n;
The changeless, everlasting Rock,
That braves the storm and 'bides the sho

There build;—the gates of hell in vain
Against that Rock their war maintain.

3 Christ is the Rock, the Corner Stone,
Faith rears her beauteous house thereon,
Adorn'd with works of willing love,
And pointing to the scenes above,
Where faith and hope their sway resign,
And yield to sight, and joy divine.

317.

L. M. *The danger of delay.* Genesis xix. 17.

1 O! HASTEN sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O! hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The day of grace may close before
The present hour its course has run.

3 O! hasten, and to God return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
If thou the great salvation spurn,
How canst thou coming vengeance shun?

4 O! hasten, sinner, to be bless'd,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
Flee to the great Redeemer, lest
Thou shouldst for ever be undone.

318.

. M. *Young persons admonished to remember their Creator.* Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

1 MORTALS, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay;
And turn from sin's forbidden road,
That dark and dang'rous way.

2 Be wise, and make salvation sure
Before the mournful day

When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay.

3 The mem'ry of the Saviour's name
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

319.

L. M. *God's expostulation with young people.* Jer. iii. 4.

1 Does God the sov'reign Lord of all,
The sons of men his children call,
And, with a father's tender heart,
Propose his blessings to impart?

2 Does he invite them to his throne,
Him as their Saviour God to own,
To seek his aid, and share his love,
While here and in the world above?

3 "From this time wilt not thou, my son,
"Haste to thy heav'nly Father's throne,
"And there in ev'ry fear and strait,
"For his support and counsel wait?"

4 Yes, Lord, our inmost souls rejoice
To hear our Father's gracious voice;
And to thy care our all commend,
To be our guide till life shall end.

5 While young or old, through life or death,
Thy praises should employ our breath;
And we for ever, shall proclaim
Our Father's, and our Saviour's name.

320.

C. M. *Seeking first the kingdom of God.* Matt. vi. 33.

1 Now let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories dress'd.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand,
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a christian's thought;
We rise to seek immortal joys,
Which our Redeemer brought.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

*321.

7s. *The word of God quick and powerful.* Heb. iv. 12.

1 "QUICK and pow'rful is the word,
"Sharper than a two-edg'd sword;"
In the Lord Jehovah's hand,
Nothing can its force withstand.

2 How its pow'r was felt of old,
They who felt its pow'r have told;
Many were the wonders wrought,
Multitudes were fed and taught.

3 Mighty God! whose word it is,
Hear our pray'r and grant us this,
What thy pow'r has done before,
Now descend and do once more.

4 Happy days when God descends!
When his pow'r the word attends;
Then the truth its beauty shows,
Charms and conquers all its foes.

322.

8.7. *Divine influence implored.* Psalm lxxii. 6.

1 As the dew from heav'n distilling
Gently on the grass descends,

And revives it, thus fulfilling
What thy providence intends,—
Let thy word, Lord, ever gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Bless'd by thee, prove efficacious
To fulfil thy work of love.

2 Lord, behold this congregation;
Now thy promises fulfil:
From thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of life distil:
Let our cry come up before thee,
Shed thine influence around;
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

*323.

8. 7. *The truth as it is in Jesus.* Ephesians iv. 21.

1 Praise we Him, by whose kind favour
Heav'nly truth has reach'd our ears;
May its sweet reviving savour
Fill our hearts and quell our fears!

2 Truth—how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

3 What of truth we've now been hearing,
Lord, to ev'ry heart apply;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy!

*324.

8.7.7. *The divine blessing implored on the gospel preached.* Acts xi. 21.

Saviour! follow with thy blessing,
Truths deliver'd in thy name;

Thus the word thy pow'r possessing,
Shall declare from whence it came:
Mighty let the gospel be,
All-subduing, Lord, to thee.

325.

148th. *The increase of the seed sown desired from God.* 1 Corinthians iii. 6.

On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The pow'r is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

326.

8. 7. 4. *Dismission after hearing the gospel.* Acts xx. 32.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Trav'lling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne triumphantly to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

327.

8. 7. *The same.*

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
On our souls thy word impressing,
May we in thy love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise;
When we reach our heav'nly station,
We shall give thee nobler praise;
And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb
For ever and ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

*328.

8. 7. 7. 4. *The same.*

Of thy love, some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
May our hearts with thee remain:
O direct us,
And protect us,
Till we gain the heav'nly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

SECTION SECOND.—MISSIONARY SERVICES.

329.

L. M. *The day of Pentecost, and subsequent spread of the gospel.* Acts ii. Colossians i. 6.

1 Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

3 The weapons of their holy war,
Of what resistless pow'r they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

5 Great King of grace! our hearts subdue;
We would be led in triumph too,
As willing captives to our Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

330.

L. M. *The diffusion of scripture knowledge.* Psalm xix.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;

Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heav'n.

331.

C. M. *The Lord alone exalted.* Isaiah xlii. 8—12.

1 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human soul.

2 He is the Lord, and by the name
Of great Jehovah known;
No idol shall usurp his praise
Or occupy his throne,

3 Lo! former scenes, predicted once,
In glory rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

4 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

5 O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

6 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
The islands sound his praise;
And all combin'd with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise.

*332.

8. 7. 7. *The way of the Lord prepared.* Isaiah xl. 3.

1 *Lo,* he comes! let all adore him;
Grace and truth compose his train;

Go, prepare the way before him,
  Make the rugged places plain;
Jesus comes, the mighty Lord;
Great his work and his reward!

2 Let each valley now be raised;
  Let the crooked be made straight;
Let the mountains be abased;
  See! Jehovah comes in state.
Through the desert make a road,
Make a highway for our God!

3 God the Saviour now is going
  Through the desert waste and wild;
Where no goodly plant is growing,
  Where no verdure ever smil'd:
But the desert shall be glad,
And shall be with verdure clad.

4 Where the thorn and bramble flourish'd,
  Trees of righteousness shall grow,
Planted by the Lord, and nourish'd,
  Stately, fair, and fruitful too:
They shall rise on ev'ry side,
And diffuse their fragrance wide.

5 From the hills and lofty mountains,
  Rivers shall be seen to flow;
There the Lord will open fountains
  To supply the plains below.
As he passes, ev'ry land
Shall confess his pow'rful hand.

*333.

L. M. *The creation of light.* Genesis i. 3.

1 "LET there be light:"—thus spake the Word,
The Word was God; "and there was light:"
Still the creative voice is heard;
A day is born from ev'ry night.

2 And ev'ry night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll;

But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.

3 Nor we alone; its 'wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of nature's sleep;
The Word has reach'd the utmost isles,
The Spirit moves on yonder deep.

4 Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands;
Once more inhales immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heav'n his hands.

5 From day to day, before our eyes,
Glows and extends the work begun;
When shall the new creation rise
O'er ev'ry land beneath the sun!

6 When, in the sabbath of his love,
Shall God from all his labours rest;
And, bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures bless'd!

*334.

8. 7. 4. *A fountain of living waters opened in Zion.*
Zechariah xiv. 8. Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

1 See from Zion's sacred mountain
Living streams abundant flow;
God has open'd there a fountain,
That supplies the world below:
They are blessed,
Who its sov'reign virtue know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Cleansing all our stains away.
O, ye nations!
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,

Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Ev'ry object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit the seasons round;
All the saints are sav'd from mourning,
Faith and love and hope abound;
Bless'd their portion!
Endless life with glory crown'd.

**335.

.. M. *The standard of the Spirit lifted up.* Isaiah lix. 19.

1 THE church of God, in ev'ry age,
Has been by num'rous foes assail'd;
But oft as they their efforts made,
His arm, for her defence, prevail'd.

2 When legions crowd, as fierce and strong
As ocean tempest-wrought appears,
Th' almighty Spirit of the Lord
A standard of defiance rears.

3 His banner now we see unfurl'd;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted high;
And through the camp of God is heard
The stir of warfare far and nigh.

4 See, planted by the hand divine,
The banner waves on Zion's height;
Myriads of chosen warriors there
Are gath'ring round in armour bright.

5 God gives the word; at his command
The armies of the Lord move on;
And heav'n's loud triumphs soon proclaim,
"The kingdoms of the world are won."

336.

C. M. *The future glory of the church and happiness of the world by the influence of the gospel.* Isaiah ii. 2—5.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,

On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide:
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage; nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

337.

L. M. *The blessings of Christ's kingdom.* Psalm lxxii.

1 GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
'Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

338.

L. M. "*Thy kingdom come.*" Matt. vi. 10.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control;—

2 So may the Saviour's kingdom come!
Then sin's wide-spread terrific gloom
Shall at his presence flee away,
Succeeded by a heav'nly day.

3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the bless'd knowledge of his law;
And Antichrists on ev'ry shore,
Fall from their thrones to rise no more.

4 Then shall the Jews and Gentiles meet
In pure devotion at his feet;
And earth shall yield him as his due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

5 O that from Zion now may shine,
This heav'nly light—this truth divine!
Till the whole universe shall be
As one great temple, Lord, for thee.

339.

S. M. *Christ's dominion and triumphs.* Psalm xlv. 1—6.

1 JESUS, almighty King!
Thy glories are divine;
To thee all majesty belongs;
Redeeming grace is thine.

2 Thy pow'r and love make known;
Gird on, great God! thy sword;
And ride omnipotent to spread
The triumphs of thy word.

3 Millions of foes subdu'd,
With joy shall own thy sway;
From conquering to conquer go,
Till all mankind obey.

4 Thy laws, O God! are right;
Thy throne for ever stands;
Angels before thy presence bow,
And wait thy high commands.

5 The church, with humble praise,
Thy deeds of might records;
Thy title is "the King of kings,"
Thy name, "the Lord of lords."

340.

L. M. *The universal establishment of Christ's kingdom.* Psalm lxxii. 5, 8—11, 15, 19.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia glorious to behold;
There India shines in eastern gold:

And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

6 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

*341.

8. 7. *Christ's universal kingdom.* Psalm lxxii.

1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day.
Nations now from God estranged,
Soon shall see a glorious light;
Night shall soon to day be changed,
Heav'n shall triumph in the sight.

2 Soon shall Israel, long dispersed,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on him their fathers pierced,
And submit to Jesse's rod.
Then shall all the world be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease;
While the greater Son of David,
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

3 Mighty King! thine arm revealing,
Now the glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing
Make them subject to thy reign:

Angels in their lofty station
Praise thy name, thou "Only Wise;"
O let earth with emulation,
Join the triumphs of the skies.

342.

8. 7. 4. *The universal spread of the gospel foretold and desired.* Isaiah xl. 5.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, ye saints, be still and gaze;
Soon your eyes shall hail with gladness,
God's long-promis'd day of grace:
Blessed jub'lee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Regions wide that sit in darkness
Soon shall see this glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
Shall the morning chase the night,
Till redemption
In its glory fills the world.

4 Righteous Sun, in all thy brightness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy rising
Let all kings and nations come.

5 Spread thy triumphs, mighty Saviour,
Till the earth confess thy sway;
O'er the world be thy dominion,
Boundless as the range of day:
Reign for ever,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

343.

8. 7. *The dark world enlightened by the Saviour's glory.* Isaiah xl. 1—3; Malachi iv. 2.

1 WHAT is earth with all its treasures,
Dazzling bright to mortal eyes?
When compar'd with heav'nly glories
Deep within the shade it lies.

2 Earth is but the land of shadows,
Faintly ting'd with glow-worm light,
Where the Prince of darkness reigneth,
Presage of eternal night.

3 O thou Sun of glorious splendour!
Shine with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.

4 Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
"Death and hell are spoil'd and vanquish'd
"Through the great Immanuel's name."

5 Take thy pow'r, almighty Saviour!
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

6 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
Deck'd with heav'nly splendour bright,
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
As at first, the Lord's delight.

344.

C. M. *The prosperity of the gospel in our own country, and throughout the world desired.* Psalm lxvii.

1 SHINE, mighty God! arise and shine
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favour'd land.

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad!
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God!

4 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
Who sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

5 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God shall crown this favour'd isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

6 O God our Saviour! scatter round
Thy choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

345.

112lb. *The conversion of the Jews desired.* Rom. xi. 25, 26.

1 Father of faithful Abr'am, hear
Our earnest pray'r for Abr'am's seed;
They claim the sympathetic tear
From us, adopted in their stead;
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiv'n;
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd by men and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away?

Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On Him they pierc'd, and weep, and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is pass'd,
"All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer! come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
Receive thine ancient people home,
That quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And give to God the glory due.

**346.

8.7. *The sorrows of Zion.* Psalm cxxxvii.

1 Why are Judah's sons afflicted?
Why is Israel still a slave?
Has it not been long predicted
That the Lord would Zion save?

2 Why are Salem's walls forsaken,
Once the dwelling of the just?
Will her watchmen not awaken?
Nor the saints befriend her dust?

3 Shall we find the sacred priesthood
Midst her peel'd and scatter'd host?
Is the royal line of David
In the common ruin lost?

4 Go and trace the sacred story,
There we read the awful cause;
They have slain the Lord of glory,
They have trampled on his laws.

5 Ask ye, why has this affliction
Overwhelm'd them like a flood?
By Messiah's crucifixion,
They are guilty of his blood.

6 Lord! arise; remember Zion;
Now thy church entreating calls;
Thy sure promise we rely on,
When we think upon her walls.

7 Gather in the outcast nation;
Be thou merciful as just;
Make them know thy great salvation,
And in thee, Redeemer, trust.

347.

7.6. *The heathen by their circumstances calling for the gospel.* Acts xvi. 9, 10.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! free salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

348.

L. M. *Nations waiting for the gospel.* Isaiah xlii. 4.

1 Behold, th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
The dreary wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The wisdom Jesus can bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
And all the world confess his throne.

5 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the bless'd labour bear a part,
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

349.

L. M. *Exhortation to unite in endeavours to spread the gospel.* Judges v. 23.

1 Ye saints, who taste the holy joys,
Which from the gospel richly flow,
Can you behold with unconcern
The world deep sunk in guilt and woe?

2 Behold the millions bound with sin,
Surrounded by the shades of night:

Behold, till pity drops the tear,
Till zeal enkindles at the sight.

3 Come, join the consecrated band
Who labour to convert the world;
Join the victorious host of God,
Whose peaceful banners are unfurl'd.

4 Pour forth your consecrated store,
To fill the treasury divine;
And be importunate in pray'r
Till truth through ev'ry region shine.

5 The cause is great,—the promise sure,—
God's work of mercy shall be done;
'Tis pledg'd—the kingdoms of the world
Shall be the kingdoms of his Son.

*350.

8.7.7. *Believers contributing to make known the blessings of grace to others.* 1 Chron. xxix. 1—17.

1 HARK! the solemn trumpet sounding,
Loud proclaims the jubilee;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners, rich and free:
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

2 Is the name of Jesus precious?
Does his love your spirits cheer?
Do you find him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think that what he is to you,
Such he'll be to others too.

3 Were you once at awful distance,
Wand'ring from the fold of God?
Could no arm afford assistance,
Nothing save but Jesus' blood?
Think how many still are found,
Strangers to the joyful sound.

4 Brethren, join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord;
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word:
Father! let thy kingdom come,
Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.

5 Brethren, let us freely offer;
All we have is from above:
Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer*;
What is this to Jesus' love?
Did he die our souls to save?
Then we're his, and all we have.

*351.

8. 7. 4. *The privilege of engaging to disseminate the gospel.* Ephesians iii. 8.

1 'Tis a joyful day we live in;
God is doing wondrous things;
See the foe before him driven!
Hark! the ransom'd captive sings;
Sings with gladness,
Glory to the King of kings.

2 Favour'd spot, the land we live in!
Mercies in our lot abound:
Chiefly that to us is given,
To convey the joyful sound;
To convey it
To the nations all around.

3 They to whom this grace is granted
Should be strong, and faithful prove,
In the face of foes undaunted,
Self-denying, full of love;
God is with them,
God, who reigns supreme above.

4 Though a hostile world oppose it,
'Tis God's cause and must prevail;

This is truth and they who know it
Should advance when others fail,
Being certain
God will soon his name reveal.

5 "God is with us;" this may cheer us,
Even in the darkest day:
"God is with us;" and will hear us,
When for his own cause we pray;
"God is with us;"
Nor shall triumph long delay.

*352.

6. 4. *The gospel published to all the world.* Mark xvi. 15.

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurl'd.

2 Wide over sea and land,
('Tis our Lord's own command,)
Publish his name;
Bear it to ev'ry shore,
And lands unknown before,
Enter at every door;—
His grace proclaim.

3 Swiftly on wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stay'd on his word:

When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus their Lord.

5 Ye who forsaking all
At your lov'd Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

*353.

L. M. *Prayer for the spread of the gospel.* Psalm lxxii. 19.

1 Now let us crowd around the throne
Of Him who hears and answers pray'r;
The cause is his, and not our own,
The object of our Saviour's care.

2 This world has long in darkness been,
A darkness like Egyptian night;
But streaks of radiant light are seen
Upon her sky, that cheer our sight.

3 A token sure of coming day,
The sun itself will soon arise;
For this we look, for this we pray,
For this we raise our earnest cries.

4 Be gracious, Lord, to ev'ry land,
Our hope fulfil, thy people pray;
The morning dawns at thy command,
And thine it is to bring the day.

5 Except thou give thy blessing, Lord,
Our plans and labours all are vain;
But if thy Spirit bless the word,
The mountain shall become a plain.

6 *If thou* wilt own the work in hand,
We need not fear, though foes combine,

For who is able to withstand
Thine arm, or frustrate thy design?

7 To thee, O Lord! to thee we cry,
Nor would we cease our voice to raise,
Till Zion is a name of joy,
And thy Jerusalem a praise.

354.

L. M. *The power of God implored for the conversion of the world.* Isaiah li. 9—11.

1 Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake!
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Let Zion's time of favour come!
O bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

5 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry land; of ev'ry name
Let adverse pow'rs before him fall,
And crown Immanuel "Lord of all."

*355.

L. M. *Former works of God pleaded for the success of the gospel.* Isaiah li. 9.

1 Now may that mighty arm awake,
Which wonders wrought in ancient day

Which Jericho's proud walls did shake,
And Zion from the dust did raise.

2 Art thou not still the same, O God!
The same to hear, the same to save,
As when thy servant mov'd his rod
At thy command, and cleft the wave?

3 Is any thing too hard for thee,
In heav'n above or earth below?
O may we here thy triumphs see!
O grant us now thy pow'r to know!

4 The grace which sets the pris'ner free,
Which wipes the mourner's tears away,
Which brings the wand'rer back to thee,
That wonder-working grace display.

5 Behold, O God! the world around;
Arise and bless it with thy love;
So shall thy people's joys abound,
And praises fill thy courts above.

356.

S. M. *The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit invoked for the conversion of the world.* Psalm lxviii. 1.

1 O Lord, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide, o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou, Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy conquests cease:
Far spread the glory of thy name,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou, Holy Ghost, arise,
Thy pow'r almighty bring;
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world,
Let light and order spring.

4 *All on* the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing:

From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n,
Let echoing anthems ring.

357.

L. M. *Christ's conquests by the gospel.* Psalm cx. 1—3.

1 THUS, to our Lord, Jehovah spake,
"At my right hand ascend and sit,
"And reign triumphant till I make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed:
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall show thy pow'r is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
"And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

*358.

L. M. *Christ subduing the world by his gospel.* Rev. xix.

1 JESUS, immortal King, go on;
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave the world subdued to thee.

2 Gird on thy sword victorious chief!
The captive sinner's sole relief:
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own.

3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Finish the work thou hast begun;
And let thy will on earth be done.

4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in ev'ry breast;
Weapons for war design'd, shall cease,
Or then be implements of peace.

5 Hark, how the hosts triumphant sing!
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his!

*359.

8. 7. 4. *The spread of the gospel.* Acts xi. 18.

1 Yes, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word in ev'ry land:
When he pleases,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the rising ray;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Ev'ry people
Soon shall know the love of God.

4 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving,
To our hearts to hear each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.

5 God of Zion! high and glorious;
Let the people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in ev'ry land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

*360.

7. 6. *Conversions abroad the occasion of joy at home.*
Acts xv. 3.

1 GLAD we hear, from day to day,
What the Lord is doing,
How the gospel wins its way,
Sinners' hearts subduing:
What a glorious work is his?
Work, for ever lasting,
Ev'ry other work but this
Fading is and wasting.

2 While the judgments of the Lord
Heav'n and earth are shaking,
Rous'd from slumber by his word,
Thousands are awaking:
Swiftly flies "the joyful sound,"
Heav'nly truth declaring,
To a guilty world around,
News of pardon bearing.

3 Saviour, let thy message run,
Message of salvation,
Take its circuit like the sun,
Visit every nation.
Earth has long been overspread,
Overspread with sadness,
Let the day-spring come with speed,
Bringing light and gladness.

*361.

7. 9 *All nations uniting in hosanna to Christ.* Luke xi. 9,

1 YES, we hope the day is nigh,
When many nations long enslaved,

Shall break forth, and sing with joy
" Hosanna to the Son of David."

2 Abra'm's seed, cast off so long,
Shall then appear among the saved,
Shall arise, and join the song,
" Hosanna to the Son of David."

3 Jews and Gentiles shall unite,
By Satan's pow'r no more enslavēd,
And shall sing with great delight
" Hosanna to the Son of David."

4 But a brighter day is nigh,
When Jesus shall collect his saved;
Men and angels then shall cry,
"Hosanna to the Son of David."

*362.

8. 7. 4. *Good news from a far country.* Acts xv. 3.

1 Joy to all the friends of Zion!
Joy to thousands, joy to us!
He whose promise we rely on,
Wondrous is, and wonders does:
Praise the Saviour,
Who delights his people thus.

2 Tidings from a distant quarter,
Full of joy demand our praise;
Is Jehovah's arm now shorter
Than it was in ancient days?
Or his mercy
Weaker, fallen man to raise?

3 Joyful, let us raise our voices,
God, our God, is still the same;
Still in mercy he rejoices,
Still he puts his foes to shame;
And his people
Still have cause to bless his name.

4 Still the same, and doing wonders;
In the whirlwind, in the flame,
In the storms, and in the thunders,
In the still small voice the same;
Sing with gladness,
Hallow'd be the Saviour's name.

5 What his arm has wrought already
Shews us what his pow'r can do;
Zealous in his cause, and steady,
Let his people onward go;
God our Saviour
Greater wonders yet will show.

363.

8. 7. *The arrival of the latter day glory hailed.*
Isaiah ii. 17, 18.

1 O! WHAT glorious times are dawning
On our dark and ruin'd world;
See the long-expected morning;
Satan from his seat is hurl'd.

2 Hark! the jubilee is sounding,
Gladsome notes are echo'd round;
Ev'ry land, with joy abounding,
Hails the gospel's welcome sound.

3 Jesus' triumphs still advancing,
Backward shrinks the hellish foe;
Faith, through future ages glancing,
Views another Eden glow.

4 Idols now—the spell discover'd—
Dash'd as potter's vessels fall;
Slaves from Pagan chains recover'd,
Own Messiah Lord of all.

5 Hasten, Lord, the joyful season;
Claim the Heathen as thine own;
Break the pride of human reason;
Reign as sov'reign Lord alone.

*364.

8.7.7. *The church universally exalted in the latter day.*
Isaiah ii. 1—4. Micah iv. 1—3.

1 SEE that mountain high exalted:
'Tis the mountain of our God:
Much expos'd and oft assaulted;
He has made it his abode.
Now it stands above the hills,
Now its destin'd place it fills.

2 Hark! a cry among the nations!
"Come, and let us seek the Lord:
"Vain our former expectations;
"Vain the idols we ador'd:
"Zion's King is God alone:
"Let us bow before his throne."

3 See! from ev'ry quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round:
Love in ev'ry heart is glowing;
Praise is heard in ev'ry sound:
While Jehovah shows his face,
Glory fills the sacred place.

4 Weapons meant for mutual slaughter,
Now are instruments of peace,
They who taste the living water,
Learn from war and strife to cease.
Jesus reigns—the earth is still
All the nations do his will.

*365.

5. *Welcome news of the triumphs of the gospel in distant lands.* Isaiah xlii. 10—12.

1 HARK! the sounds of gladness
From a distant shore;
Like relief from sadness,
Sorrow now no more.
'Tis the Lord has done it,
In his day of pow'r,
His own arm has won it,
Praise him evermore.

2 Idols, lately bow'd to,
Lie by all abhorr'd,
And the people crowd to
Temples of the Lord.
What a change! how glorious!
Lord, thine arm is strong,
Thou hast prov'd victorious,
Though the fight was long.

3 Long the foe resisted,
Loath to yield his prey;
Ev'ry pow'r enlisted
And maintain'd the day:
But his arm is shatter'd,
And the slaves are free;
All his force is scatter'd;
Glory, Lord, to thee!

4 Welcome, sounds of gladness,
From a distant shore;
Saints, away with sadness,
And despond no more.
Ye who mourn with Zion,
And her welfare seek
Think of Judah's Lion
Never faint or weak.

5 When he wakes from slumber,
And puts on his might,
What is force or number,
Match'd with him in fight?
When his foes assemble
Hoping to prevail,
Soon the valiant tremble,
And the mighty fail.

*366.

L. M. The people of God successfully disseminating gospel. Isaiah xliii. 5—10.

1 Ye saints, with sacred joy survey
The glories of the latter day;

Its dawn already has begun,
Sure earnest of the rising sun.

2 The friends of truth assembled stand,
A chosen, consecrated band;
The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, "Behold the way."

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
"Where Abra'm's God delights to dwell;
"He fixes there his lofty throne,
"And calls the sacred place his own."

4 "Behold the way!"—ye heralds cry,
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from shore to shore,
And bid the captive sigh no more.

5 The north "gives up," the south no more
"Keeps back" her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

6 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Thou Sun, arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

*367.

The jubilee of the world ushered in by the praises of the universe. Revelation xix. 6.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,

Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword: He speaks,—"'tis done;"
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:
Then the end:—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

SECTION THIRD.—SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

368.

C.M. *The duty and pleasure of supporting Sunday Schools.*
Acts xx. 35.

1 Bless'd is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heav'nly manna fall.

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And Jesus will approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

4 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

5 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

*369.

C. M. *Children brought under Christian instruction.* Proverbs xxii. 6.

1 O Lord our God, thy light and truth
To us, thy children, send,
That we may serve thee in our youth,
And love thee to the end.

2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wand'ring heart, and wayward mind
Were enemies to God.

3 But friends and guardians now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain;
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.

4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs;
O, Sun of Righteousness arise,
With healing in thy wings!

5 Arise, and o'er this vale of tears,
Shine into perfect day;
Still heav'nward, through progressive years
Pointing the Christian's way.

*370.

C. M. *The children of the poor.* Psalm lxxii. 4.

1 Thy throne, O God, in righteousness,
For ever shall endure;
We bow before it; deign to bless
The children of the poor.

2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;

Still makes us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.

3 Strangers to thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gather'd from the world, became
The children of thy choice.

4 Thou art our Shepherd;—glorious God,
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
—The children of thy fold.

5 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
—The children of thy grace.

6 O may our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above,
And they and we in heav'n appear,
—The children of thy love.

371.

S. M. *The young sanctified by the Scriptures.* Ps. cxix. 9.

1 Now in our early days,
Teach us thy will to know;
O God! thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on us bestow.

2 Make our unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And flee from ev'ry snare.

3 Our hearts to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make us wholly thine.

4 O let thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ;
Be this through all our following d
Our treasure and our joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
Be ev'ry soul inclin'd;
O! let them dwell within each heart,
And sanctify each mind.

6 Make thy young servants learn,
By these to cleanse their way,
And may we here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

372.

8, 8, 6. *Praise for a religious education.* iii John 4.

1 Now let our hearts conspire to raise,
A cheerful anthem to His praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Let music sweet as incense rise,
With grateful odours to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face,
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness brought us thence.

3 Give, Lord, each youthful heart to prove
The joys of thy redeeming love;
And while thy praise we sing,
May we thy sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
Jesus our Lord and King.

*373.

7s. *Children praising Christ.* Matt. xxi. 15, 16.

1 CHILDREN once were heard to sing,
When so many silent were;
Glad they welcom'd Israel's King,
And hosannas fill'd the air.

2 David's Son and David's Lord,
Heard their praises, and approv'd;
Be our Saviour's grace ador'd,
Be our Saviour's name belov'd.

3 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,
If we try our song to raise;
Children we, like those of old,
Taught, like them, to lisp thy praise.

4 Jesus, hail! we sing of thee,
Welcome to thy house of pray'r;
Let our hearts thy temple be,
Lord, set up thy kingdom there.

5 Make us wise thy name to know,
Let us feel thy pow'r and love;
Ours to serve thee here below,
And to dwell with thee above.

6 There we'll sing hosannas loud;
To the Saviour's praise we'll sing:
Mix with yonder joyful crowd,
And for ever praise our King.

*374.

L. M. *For a Sunday School anniversary.* Rom. xv. 7–9

1 From year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of numbers uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hail'd the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another spring, shall strike
Some in our union, mark'd to fall;
Be young and old prepar'd alike,
The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours;
This day we ne'er again shall see;

Lord God, awaken all our pow'rs
To spend it for eternity.

5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand;
On thee for all things we rely:
Assur'd, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew;
Send children, teachers, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

SECTION FOURTH.—REMEMBERING THE POOR.

375.

C. M. *Relieving the poor.* Galatians ii. 10.

1 Bright source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise,
And to thy sov'reign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With ev'ry cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd
The borders of despair;
Thy grace through Jesus' blood proclaim'd
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see!
Alas! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair,

And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad,
And hung'ring souls we'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.

7 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

376.

C. M. *Ministering to Christ by relieving his poor memb*
Matthew xxv. 40.

1 Jesus, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd, and fed,
And visited, and cheer'd,
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O! rather let us beg our bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

SECTION FIFTH.—WORSHIP AT SEA.

377.

L. M. *The wonders of God in the deep.* Psalm cvii. 22—31.

1 Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage:
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish to be.

4 Oh! may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their grateful off'rings bring,
And their Preserver's glory sing.

378.

C. M. *Divine protection.* Psalm cxxi. 12.

1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide;
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;

In vain t' impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.

6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will:
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise;
But fall when He shall say, *Be still!*

SECTION SIXTH.—PRAYER MEETINGS.

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*381.

C. M. *Prayer.* Luke xi. 1.

1 PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heav'n with pray'r.

4 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

5 The saints in pray'r appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father, and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

4 Let slumber's balmy seal
Imprint our tranquil eyes,
Though deep beneath the waters steal
And circling rise;
Though swells the confluent tide
And beetles far above,—
We know in whom our souls confide
With fearless love.

5 Snatch'd from a darker deep,
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, those trusting souls wilt keep
And waft them home;
Home, where no tempests sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
The peaceful shore.

380.

. M. *The mariner's song of deliverance.* Ps. lxxxix. 95.

1 Glory to Thee, whose pow'rful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise,
Glory to Thee, the sov'reign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies!

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform:
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And fearless meet the gath'ring storm.

3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.

4 Downward we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heav'n are borne,
Unmov'd, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the wat'ry world upturn.

5 Roar on, ye waves; our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;

The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When He stands waiting for our pray'r?
Believers, we've a friend on high,
Arise and try your int'rest there.

4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before you—pray.

5 Depend on Christ, you cannot fail;
Make all your wants and wishes known,
Fear not—his merits must prevail!
Ask what ye will, it shall be done.

384.

L. M. *The power of prayer.* James v. 16.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent;
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

*385.

L. M. *The privilege of prayer.* Psalm lxxiii. 28.

1 Bless'd are the seasons when we wait
Before the throne of grace to pray;
For they who knock at mercy's gate
Are never empty sent away.

2 Behold us, Lord, a few of thine,
Who hither come to seek thy face;
In mercy on thy people shine,
And let thy presence fill the place.

3 How sweet, how blessed is the thought,
That thou dost hear thy servants' cries;
And whether thou dost give or not,
'Tis love that grants, or love denies.

4 O teach us, Lord, to wait thy will,
To be content with all thou dost;
For us thy grace sufficient still,
With most supplied when needing most.

5 Till life shall end thus let it be;
Sustain us in our dying hour;
That conflict past, we hope to see
The Saviour whom we here adore.

6 We hope at length to take our part
With yonder host through trouble brought;
We hope to see thee as thou art,
And then to praise thee as we ought.

*386.

C. M. *The preparation of the heart.* Proverbs xvi. 1.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from pray'r;
O grant us pow'r to pray!

And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord meet us by the way.

3 Burden'd with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?

4 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

5 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live.

6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;

7 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

8 Give these—and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

*387.

L. M. *Scriptural prayers.* From various Scripture

1 With wand'ring Jacob, let us say,
"If God will keep me by the way,
"Guide and defend me, clothe and feed
"Then God shall be my God indeed."

2 With him who led the ransom'd flock
Through the red sea to Sinai's rock,
Be this our one supreme request,
"Thy presence with us go or rest."

3 Join we God's people in our youth,
Quit the vain world, like humble Ruth,
With them resolv'd, our lot to try,
Rejoice or suffer, live or die.

4 Like Joshua, through this war of life,
Victor in many a deadly strife,
May each this solemn pledge record,
"I and my house will serve the Lord."

5 When pray'rs and vows to heav'n we make,
The words of Solomon we'll take
Freely for *ev'ry* blessing call,
Yet ask *forgiveness* with them all.

6 And now, O Lord our God, to thee
The sum of our petitions be,
The language of thy blessed Son,
"Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

**388.

. M. *The out-pouring of the Spirit desired.* Ps. lxviii. 9.

1 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
Thy servants meet to offer pray'r;
O bow the heav'ns, reveal thy face,
Our hearts to seek thee now prepare.

2 On us thy heritage look down,
Shed forth abundant show'rs of grace;
And all thine other mercies crown
With the rich gifts of life and peace.

3 Confirm our hope, inflame our love;
Increase our faith of things not seen;
Our zeal enkindle from above;
Fill us with light and strength within.

4 Behold us, Lord, oppress'd with grief;
Our carnal, lukewarm state we own;
O hear our sighs and send relief,
In us thy mighty pow'r make known.

5 Reveal thine arm of strength around;
Thy Truth, triumphant may it be;
Grant us to see thy gospel crown'd
With soul-awak'ning energy.

6 If thou thy Spirit's influence give,
And, as we supplicate thee, do,—
Deserts shall bloom—the dead shall live—
A new creation spring to view.

7 Trust in the Mediator's name
Emboldens this approach to thee;
Thy word and character proclaim,
"The pray'r of faith shall answer'd be."

389.

L. M. *The people of God giving him no rest.* Isaiah lxii. 6.

1 O God of Zion! from the skies,
In mercy bow thy gracious ear;
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Do thou, the great Jehovah, hear.

2 Since thy remembrancers they are,
Why should thy servants give thee rest,
Until, in answer to their pray'r,
Thy church is with thy favour bless'd;

3 Until thy church, too long depress'd,
In triumph great thou dost upraise;
Until thy church shall stand confess'd
In all the earth a joy and praise.

4 For this, O Lord, a suppliant crowd
Here at thy sacred footstool wait:
For this, we lift our voices loud,
And ask and knock at mercy's gate.

5 Look down with a propitious eye!
Of those that seek thee now be found!
Bid unbelief and sorrow fly,
And make our joy and praise abound.

390.

112th. *The church, in affliction and depression, seeking a revival.* Psalm lxxx.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel!
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep
Safe through the desert and the deep;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high, and guide us through!
Return, Almighty God! return,
Nor longer let thy people mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted with thy hands,
A chosen vine in heathen lands?
Does not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

4 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Thy presence guarded it from foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose.
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

5 That Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot,
From David's stock, from Jesse's root,
Himself a noble vine, and we
Grafted as branches in the tree.
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

6 Jesus, thy Son,—behold him stand
Establish'd high at thy right hand;
O for his sake attend our cry!
Shine on thy churches, lest they die!

Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

391.

C. M. *The church in depression pleading for a revive*
Psalm xliv.

1 Lord we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did numbers meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

5 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God!
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

**392.

L. M. *Answers to prayer waited for though delayed.*
Luke xviii. 7, 8.

1 Wait on the Lord, believers, wait,
And firmly on his word depend;
In answer to the pray'r of faith,
He always will his blessing send.

2 Hath he not said that he will gr
What's proper for us to receive?

And shall our unbelieving hearts
Suggest, he meant but to deceive?

3 If, soon as our petitions rise
He doth not mercy sought display,
His wisdom, sov'reignty, and love,
Unite to order the delay.

4 Open to his all-seeing eye
Our varied circumstances are;
His plans are wise, his love is free,—
And shall his saints indulge despair?

5 Shall we distrust our faithful God,
Or question his almighty pow'r,
Because he doth not our desires
Accomplish in the present hour?

6 Forbid it, Lord! nor let the thought
Presumptuous e'er in us be found;
"Thy will be done," is still our pray'r;
Our hearts would in that wish abound.

7 'Tis not for us, frail worms, to say,
Or soon, or late, God should us hear;
Sufficient 'tis for us to know,
That he will in the end appear.

8 Lord! teach us patiently to wait,
With settled faith upon thy word,
Assur'd thy promise never fails,
And we shall sing the faithful Lord.

CTION SEVENTH.—OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

393.

. M. *Opening a new place of worship.* 1 Kings viii. 27.

1 And will the great eternal God,
On earth establish his abode;
And will he from his heav'nly throne,
Vouchsafe to make his presence known?

2 These walls we to his honour raise,
Long may they echo to his praise;
While Christ descending fills the place
With choicest tokens of his grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign!
The honours of his throne maintain;
While pow'r divine, his word attends,
To conquer foes, and comfort friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

394.

C. M. *The same.*

1 Great Shepherd of thy people! hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell!
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs,
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Here may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

SECTION EIGHTH.—FAMILY WORSHIP.

395.

L. M. *Domestic worship.* Joshua xxiv. 15.

1 O God, our Father, and our Friend,
To our united pray'rs attend;
We would our humble homage pay
Before thy throne from day to day.

2 May this, our habitation be
A constant residence for Thee;
And may our joint devotions rise
Like holy incense to the skies.

3 We would esteem this sweet employ
Part of our business, and our joy;
We dread the thought of living here,
Without thy worship and thy fear.

4 To us thy saving grace impart;
O dwell and reign in ev'ry heart;
May we in godliness and love
Be fitted for thy house above.

396.

8. 7. *Domestic worship.* Luke x. 5.

1 Peace be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin;
Peace, that speaks the heav'nly Giver;
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever;
Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of peace, be near us;
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come;

Raise to heav'n our expectation,
Give our favour'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

397.

L. M. *Family religion.* Genesis xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand,
They have been and are still sustain'd.

2 To Thee, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
And may our habitations prove
The dwellings of the God of love.

3 To Thee may each united house,
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name,
When, sav'd by grace divine, we rise
To join the household in the skies.

SECTION NINTH.—CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE.

**398.

S. M. *Christians meeting.* Acts xxviii. 15.

1 IN Christian friendship sweet,
Thy goodness, Lord, we praise;
And here, that we together meet,
An Ebenezer raise.

2 Upon thy hand we lean'd
In life's first dawning ray,
And by thy grace have been sustain'd
Until the present day.

3 The favours are so great
Which each one has receiv'd,
'Twould fail our mem'ries to repeat,
Nor could they be conceiv'd.

4 And neither few nor small,
Lord, have our trials been;
Yet, we adore thee, in them all
Thy mercy we have seen.

5 To thee by faith anew
We now ourselves commend,
Encourag'd by the past review
To trust thee to the end.

6 Soon will our sojourn close,
Our toils will all be o'er,
And then our souls, in heav'n's repose
Shall meet to part no more.

*399.

L. M. *Christians welcomed in the name of the Lord.*
Romans xv. 7.

1 Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name,
We welcome you with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Joys which the world cannot afford,
In Christian fellowship we prove,
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love:
O may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above!

*400.

L. M. *Christian intercourse subservient to mutual edification.* Hebrews x. 25.

1 While in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heav'nly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

2 Let all our meetings now be made
Subservient to each other's good;
For worldly joys must quickly fade,
Nor can they yield substantial food.

3 Whene'er requir'd to part from those
With whom the truth unites us here,
We'll call to mind the joyful close
When Christ the Saviour will appear.

4 The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

*401.

8. 7. 4. *The same.* Ephesians iv. 29.

1 Sweet and solemn be the season,
When the friends of Jesus meet;
Let the worldling boast his reason,
While he fills the scorner's seat:
Heav'nly wisdom
Leads us to the Saviour's feet.

2 Far be idle jesting from us;
Sacred themes to us belong,
Ours the cross, and ours the promise,
Subjects these for endless song;
Subjects worthy
To employ the Christian's tongue.

3 Time is precious, we'll improve it;
Worldlings talk of worldly things;

Leave the world to those who love it;
'Tis not thence our comfort springs:
Jesus owns us,
Jesus is the King of kings.

*402.

L. M. *Christian intercourse.* Malachi iii. 16.

1 Bless'd intercourse! when Christians meet,
And speak of Him who died for them;
They sit at the Redeemer's feet,
And care not though the world condemn.

2 The world knows nothing of the joys
That Christian fellowship supplies
Enamour'd of earth's glitt'ring toys
Our theme is worthless in their eyes.

3 But we can witness what we know,
And speak aloud nor care who hears;
Our joys from heav'nly sources flow
And would be ill exchang'd for theirs.

4 One day in wisdom's sacred ways,
Is better than a thousand spent
As thoughtless worldlings pass their days,
Far from their God and pure content.

5 We envy not the great and wise;
We count ourselves more bless'd than they;
We're taught earth's honours to despise,
And from earth's joys to turn away.

6 'Twill soon appear who serve the Lord,
And who they are who serve him not:
Then let us hold his sacred word,
And ours shall be a glorious lot.

*403.

L. M. *The same.* Psalm xlv. 1.

1 Why should believers, when they meet,
Not speak of Christ, the king they own,
Who gives them hope that they shall sit
For ever with him on his throne.

2 Is any other name so great
As His who bore the sinner's load?
Is any subject half so sweet,
So various,—as the love of God?

3 'Tis this that charms reluctant man,—
That makes his opposition cease;
Beholding love's amazing plan,
He drops his arms, and sues for peace.

4 'Twas so with us;—we once were foes
To Him who gave us life and breath;
But He, whose mercy freely flows,
Hath sav'd us from eternal death.

5 Of Him then let us speak and sing,
Whose glory we expect to share;
In heav'n we shall behold our King,
And yield a nobler tribute there.

**404.

8. 7. *Parting.* Acts xx. 32, 36.

1 While, to sev'ral paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May Jehovah, safely guiding,
Keep his scatter'd flock in view!
May the bond of bless'd communion
Ev'ry distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting place.

2 Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move,
One pure flame each heart pervading
One our Lord, our faith, our love!
Sweet, when each can bend imploring
Soothing for his brother's pain,
And, the stumbling foot restoring,
Cheer him to the race again.

3 Here, a passing breath may sever
Friends in dearest union tied;

But created pow'r can never
Tear us from our Shepherd's side:
Life, and death, and hell combining,
Present things, and things to come,
Cannot quench the promise shining,
Cannot bar us from our home.

4 Now we part in tearful sadness
Bearing forth the precious grain:
But shall yet, in mirth and gladness,
Bring our harvest sheaves again.
Thus, while fond affection weepeth,
Faith exalts her cheering voice,
He that sows, and he that reapeth,
Will together soon rejoice.

405.

C. M. *Parting*. Colossians ii. 5.

1 Bless'd are the bonds of christian love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To him and to his ways,
Expecting from him to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Thus may we journey to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And parting be no more.

406.

7s. *Christians parting with gratitude.* Philippians iv 20.

1 CHRISTIANS! brethren! ere we part,
Ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart,
One glad hymn to God should raise,
One high song of grateful praise.

2 Here we all may meet no more,
But there is a happier shore,
Where, releas'd from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

3 Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Gladly join the loud Amen.

SECTION TENTH.—NATIONAL OCCURRENCES.

407.

C. M. *Christian loyalty.* Luke xx. 25; Rom. xiii. 1.

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adorn thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand
While virtue finds reward;
And sin is banish'd from the land
By thy most holy word.

4 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

408.

C. M. *Supplication in time of public distress.*
Joel i. 14, 15.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display:
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy constraining grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

4 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, be near.

409.

L. M. *Supplication in time of war.* Psalm xxviii. 9.

1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode;
Or offer their imperfect pray'r
Before a just and holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet:
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 Oh! may our souls thy grace adore;
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite:

Again attend our humble pray'r;
Again be mercy thy delight.

5 Oh! when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more:
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore!

6 When shall the gospel's healing ray,—
Kind source of amity divine,—
Spread o'er the world celestial day!
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine!

410.

112th. *Praise for return of peace.* Psalm cxlvii. 14.

1 GREAT God, inspire our hearts and tongues
Thy wondrous goodness to proclaim;
And bid our animating songs
Glow with devotion's ardent flame:
To thee let all the nations raise
Their sweetest notes of thankful praise.

2 Beneath the hostile, dreadful sword,
Has many a mourning patriot bled;
And many a mourning heart deplor'd
A friend—a son—a brother, dead:
The sword is sheath'd—ye nations, raise
To God your grateful notes of praise.

3 Kind peace! from thy propitious smiles
What num'rous, various blessings flow!
Great God! to thee these happy isles
Unnumber'd obligations owe:
The sword is sheath'd—ye nations, raise
To God your thankful notes of praise.

4 Crown, gracious God, thy gifts of peace
With gifts yet nobler, more divine!
Oh, let thy mighty, sov'reign grace
Make all the world entirely thine!
Then shall the happy nations raise
Sublimer notes of thankful praise.

SECTION ELEVENTH.—MORNING OR EVENING.

411.

L. M. *Daily dedication to God.* Psalm iii. 5. v. 3.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and with the sun,
Your daily course of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay your morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd us while we slept ;
Grant Lord, that when from death we wake,
We may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, we our vows to thee renew ;
Enable us thy will to do ;
O guard the springs of thought and will,
And with thy grace our spirits fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
Whatever we may do or say ;
That all our pow'rs, as is thy right,
To seek thy glory may unite.

412.

C. M. *Divine guidance and protection through the day.* Psalm cxix. 33—35, 116, 117.

1 THROUGH all the dangers of the night
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2 O ! may the beams of truth divine,
With clear convincing light,
In all our understandings shine,
And chase our mental night.

3 *Guide us,* O Lord, throughout the day,
Preserve us by thine arm ;

For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou dost keep from harm.

4 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

413.

L. M. *Morning hymn.* Psalm xix. 4—12.

1 God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he moves and shines.

3 So, like the sun, may we fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day!
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep our heav'nly way.

4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give us thy counsels for our guide,
And then receive us to thy bliss;
All our desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

414.

7s. *Morning hymn.* Malachi iv. 2.

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:

Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we see;
Till thine inward light imparts
Warmth and gladness to our hearts.

3 Visit us with beams divine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Let thy radiance on us shine;—
Scatter all our unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

415.

C. M. *Morning worship.* Psalm iii. 5; xc. 17.

1 To thee, O God, our praise ascends;
To thee we offer pray'r;
O hear us from thy holy hill,—
Our morning worship hear.

2 Guarded by thee, when we lay down,
Our sweet repose we took;
Through thee we have securely slept,
Through thee in safety woke.

3 With all our early mercies, Lord,
Do thou thy smiles impart;
And let the glories of thy face
Beam bright on ev'ry heart.

4 May light and beauty from above,
On all our labours rest;
May all our handy-works this day,
Be own'd by thee and bless'd.

5 Then shall our souls give thanks to thee,
Who dost so gracious prove;

The tribute of our praise shall be
As lasting as thy love.

416.

C. M. *Grateful for the day's mercies.* Psalm cxli. 2.

1 Now from the altar of the heart
Let grateful incense rise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4 God of our days, and weeks, and years,
Thy goodness we adore;
Still feed and guide us in thy ways
Till time shall be no more.

417.

L. M. *An evening hymn.* Psalm iv. 8.

1 Glory to thee, O God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep us, O keep us, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive, O Lord, through Christ thy Son,
The ills that we this day have done;
That with the world, ourselves, and thee,
We, ere we rest, at peace may be.

3 Teach us to live, that we may dread
The grave as little as our bed;
To die, that these vile bodies may
Rise glorious on the judgment day.

4 O may our souls on thee repose,
Refreshing sleep our eye-lids close;
And in the morning may we wake,
Of thy "new mercies" to partake.

418.

C. M. *Evening worship.* Psalm cxli. 2.

1 DREAD Sov'reign, let our ev'ning songs
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the off'rings of our tongues
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still our guard:
And still to drive our wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Encompass us around;
But ah! how few returns of love
Hath our Redeemer found!

4 What have we done for him who died
To save our sinful souls?
Alas! our sins are multiplied
Fast as each minute rolls.

5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
Lord, to thy cross we flee;
And yield them up with all our pow'rs
To be renew'd by thee.

419.

L. M. *Evening hymn.* Psalm lxviii. 19, 20.

1 FOR benefits this day bestow'd,
Be great Jehovah's name ador'd;
He is our Saviour and our God,—
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

2 He, by a thousand sacred bands,
Has made our grateful hearts his own;
Our rock and righteousness he stands,—
His might is in our safety shown.

3 His saving health he doth dispense,
Redeeming blessings largely sends;
He is our fortress and defence,
On him prosperity depends.

4 Thou grantest us protection, Lord,
Thou dost preserve our souls from sin;
Thou prosp'rest our designs abroad,
And thou dost bless our comings in.

5 Great God, there's none in earth or heav'n,
Believing souls desire like thee;
Thou to thy saints thyself hast giv'n,—
Their stay and portion thou wilt be.

420.

7s. *Saturday evening's worship.* Psalm lxlii. 1, 2.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now his blessing seek
On th' approaching sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

3 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:

Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above!

SECTION TWELFTH.—SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

421.

L. M. *Beginning of the year.* Psalm lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To own thee Sov'reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
And be the grateful homage paid,
For morning light and ev'ning shade.

4 Here in thy house let incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
'Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

422.

L. M. *God's providence acknowledged in the various seasons of the year.* Psalm lxv. 11.

1 JOIN ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord;
All nature rests upon his word:
Mercy and truth his courts maintain;
The heav'ns and earth confess his reign.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice;

Week after week his kindness tells,
Day after day his love reveals.

3 The summer's sun, the spring's soft show'r,
Declare his all-providing pow'r;
The autumn's fruit, the winter's snow,
To all, his wise arrangements show.

4 His works proclaim his care divine;
In all the earth his glories shine;
Through ev'ry month his gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

5 But, above all, our souls would praise
Thy wonders of redeeming grace:
The God of providence we bless,
Yet most adore the "God of peace."

423.

L. M. *Ebenezer.* 1 Samuel vii. 12.

1 Our helper God! we bless thy name;
The same thy pow'r, thy love the same:
The tokens of thy gracious care
Our days, and months, and years declare.

2 We, midst ten thousand dangers, stand
Protected by thy guardian hand;
And, while our souls review thy ways,
We now our Ebenezer raise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known:
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new thanks demand.

4 Our joyful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one grateful pillar more;
Then in the promis'd land above,
We'll sing thy never-changing love.

Part Sixth.

THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

SECTION FIRST.—THE CHURCH GENERAL.

424.

8. 8. 6. *The spiritual temple.* Zechariah iv. 6, 7.

1 BEHOLD the temple of the Lord!
God's building, where, by saints ador'd,
His presence he reveals:
Jehovah Jesus, God of peace,
Rears it to be his resting place,
And there his glory dwells.

2 A temple this not made with hands;
The workmanship of grace it stands,
And ever shall endure;
'Tis founded on the "living stone,"
And, midst all changes, shall be known
Immutably secure.

3 Time, that all other works destroys,
Combin'd with pow'r that hell employs,
With safety it defies;
Erected for God's own name's sake,
Though earth with deep convulsions shake,
Majestic it shall rise.

4 Age after age the work goes on:
Soon shall we hear the voice, "'tis done!"
And hail its crowning stone:
With all the armies of the sky,
"Grace, grace, unto it" we will cry,
And Jesus' praise make known.

425.

C. M. *The Church the body of Christ.* Eph. iv. 15, 16. Colossians i. 18.

1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
Which calls us worms thine own;
Which grants us with thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.

2 As join'd to thee, our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, man is dead
When most he seems alive.

3 The saints on earth, and those above,
Unite in bless'd accord:
One body join'd in mutual love
And thou, their common Lord.

4 O may we day by day derive,
The Spirit's inward might;
Then earth and hell in vain shall strive
Our souls to disunite.

5 Fill'd from thy fulness, may our hearts
Abound in joy and love;
And when this mortal scene departs
Ascend to thee above.

6 Then the whole church, which thou hast bought,
Shall stand before thy face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form deface.

426.

8. 7. *The security of Zion, and the blessedness of her citizens.* Psalm lxxxvii.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 Plenteous streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Can they faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
Fading is all worldly pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

*427.

8. 7. 7. *God the glory and defence of Zion.* Psalm xlviii.

1 Ye who love the cause of Zion,
Though despis'd of men and few,
Arm'd with boldness like the lion,
Fear not all that men can do:
What though all the world oppose,
God is stronger than her foes.

2 Zion's foes may all assemble,
But their counsel will not stand:
Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,
When the Lord shall raise his hand:
Who to her would ruin bring,
First must vanquish Zion's King.

3 Come, ye people, walk around her,
View her walls and count her tow'rs:

See how God, her King and founder,
Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs:
Zion's children live secure,
God has made their dwelling sure.

4 See her firm and deep foundation;
Zion stands upon a rock:
God has call'd her walls salvation,
Form'd to stand each adverse shock:
Strength and glory here unite,
Zion is the Lord's delight.

428.

L. M. *The stability of the church.* Zechariah ii. 5.

1 Happy the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell:
His arm defends this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

429.

C. M. *God's love to the church immutable.* Isaiah xlix. 13—16.

1 Now shall our inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires the heart,
And pleasures tune the tongue.

2 God, on his thirsty Zion hill,
Some mercy-drops has thrown;
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 "No," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
"And mothers monsters prove,
"Zion still dwells upon the heart
"Of everlasting love."

430.

L. M. *God the refuge, comfort, and security of the church.* Psalm xlvi. 1—5.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid!

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose constant flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring that divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our rising fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

*431.

8.7.4. *The church comforted by divine assurances of deliverance and triumph.* Isaiah xl. 1, 2.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour bless'd;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

432.

L. M. *Christian unity.* Ephesians iv. 3—6.

1 How bless'd the holy tie that binds
In union all believing minds;
Once brethren in captivity,
Now heirs of glorious liberty.

2 The bands of love, from heav'n let down,
Have drawn their hearts to mercy's throne;
And joining them to Christ the Lord,
Link each to each in firm accord.

3 They fight one warfare, seek one crown;
One Lord, one faith, one baptism own;
This "threefold cord" has always prov'd
A sacred bond not soon remov'd.

4 Their common hopes, their mutual joy
No lesser diff'rences destroy;
They journey through one heav'nward road
In sev'ral paths to meet their God.

5 Behold the symbol from above,
The token of God's cov'nant love,
Observe how various colours glow
And mingle in the radiant bow;

6 Oh! while these num'rous tints we trace
Blending in one bright arch of grace,
May this a precious emblem be
Of christian love and unity.

*433.

L. M. *Union among Christians.* John xvii. 23.

1 The day is near, the happy day
By holy prophets long foretold,
When, as the Saviour once did pray,
His sheep shall constitute "one fold."

2 *When did* the friends of truth unite
With so much zeal as now they do,

To spread abroad its glorious light,
And bring its excellence to view?

3 We see the Spirit, like a dove,
Descend from heav'n on gentle wings,
Inspiring peace, and zeal, and love,
The earnest of still greater things.

4 Yes, 'tis the earnest of the day,
When all the people of the Lord
In ev'ry place at length shall say,
"We'll seek our God with one accord:"

5 When party-strife, now too much known,
Shall yield to truth's pacific sway;
And all the saints on earth shall own
One God, one Lord, one Faith, one Way.

6 Oh that this unction more were shed
On those who bear the Saviour's name!
Oh that its influence wide may spread,
And prove from whence the gospel came!

434.

C. M. *Union between the church on earth and the glorified in heaven.* Ephesians iii. 15.

1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make,
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love
All of his grace partake.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;

And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
Then, when the word is giv'n,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

SECTION SECOND.—THE PRIVILEGES OF BELIEVERS.

435.

L. M. *The spiritual Israel a blessed people.*
Deuteronomy xxxiii. 29.

1 O ISRAEL! bless'd beyond compare!
Unrivall'd all thy glories are;
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And thee his chosen people own.

2 He is thy Saviour; he thy Lord;
He is thy shield, and he thy sword;
Review with wond'ring grateful thought
The great salvation he has wrought.

3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,
And gives thee perfect liberty;
He, through the desert is thy guide,
And heav'n for Canaan will provide.

4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host;
Their glories, which so bright did shine,
Were but dim shades and types of thine.

5 Celestial Spirit! teach our tongues
Sublimer strains than Moses' songs,
Proportion'd to the nobler name
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

**436.

7s. *Believers distinguished above others.* Deut. xxxii. 31.

1 SINNER! what hast thou to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flow'rs
Half so bright, so sweet as ours?

2 Doth a king upon his throne
Make thine ev'ry grief his own?
Doth he hourly bend his ear,
All thy secret plaints to hear?

3 Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on ev'ry wound?

4 When the tempests roar on high
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, oh can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

5 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom giv'n,
Burst from flesh and soar to heav'n?

6 Sinner! when wilt thou be wise?
What, though faithless fools despise,
We have treasures, honours, bliss,
God is ours, and all things his.

**437.

L. M. *Adoption.* Ephesians i. 4, 5.

1 "OUR Father!" what amazing grace
To worms of a rebellious race!
Jehovah, bending from his throne,
Us as his children deigns to own.

2 Ordain'd in Christ ere time began,
Thus God's eternal purpose ran,—

"Born of my Spirit they shall be,
"A new peculiar race to me."

3 His wisdom is our guidance great,
His mercy-seat our safe retreat,
His bounty all our wants supplies,
His arm defends when dangers rise.

4 Transporting thought!—"if children, heirs,"
Th' unchanging covenant declares;
Heirs of felicities unknown,
Heirs of a heav'nly crown and throne.

5 Compar'd with dignities like these,
Spurn'd be earth's toys and vanities;
Its titles, wealth, applause, and show,
With all the pleasures worldlings know.

6 Grant us, Jehovah, from above
The inward witness of thy love,—
With love to thee our hearts inspire,
A hallow'd flame of heav'nly fire.

7 In faith, we "Abba, Father," cry,
And raise our grateful songs on high;
Our pow'rs unite to praise the Lord,
And his adopting grace record.

438.

. M. *Adopting love; the excellence of the believer's hope.*
1 John iii. 1—3.

1 Behold! what wondrous grace,
The Father hath bestow'd,
On sinners of our mortal race,
To call them, sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown,
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 *Nor doth* it yet appear,
How great we shall be made,

But when we see our Saviour near,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And God the kindred own.

439.

C. M. *The witness of the Spirit.* Romans viii. 16.

1 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints
And seal them heirs of heav'n?
O come and banish our complaints,
And shew our sins forgiv'n.

3 Assure our conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with our heart
That we are born of God.

4 Thou art the pledge of saving grace,
Till the Redeemer come,
To glorify the ransom'd race,
And take his people home.

440.

L. M. *The bodies of believers the temples of the Holy Ghost.* 1 Cor. vi. 19.

1 And will th' offended God again,
Return and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within our bosoms raise
A living temple to his praise?

2 The joyful news transports our breast;
All hail! all hail! thou heav'nly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of Glory in.

3 Enter, with all thy heav'nly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er our passions sway,
Let love command, and we'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
No idol-god shall hold a place
Within the temple of thy grace.

441.

148th. *Peace.* John xiv. 27.

1 THE peace which through the storms
Of time, unshaken lives,
To us unworthy worms,
The king of Zion gives;
His princely hand the gift bestows,
Not as the world—but on his foes.

2 By purchase, and by pow'r,
He bought and took the prize,
In one triumphant hour,
And bore it through the skies;
And now he sends it freely down
On all who ask the precious boon.

3 He makes his foes his friends,
He conquers them by love;
And, with their pardon, sends
His Spirit from above;
Redeem'd by his most precious blood,
They run with joy the heav'nly road.

442.

S. M. *Persevering grace.* Jude 24, 25.

1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,

Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

*443.

8. 7. 4. *Divine protection.* Psalm xci. 1—4.

1 Happy they who trust in Jesus!
Rich their portion is, and sure;
When the foe on others seizes
Christ will keep his own secure:
Happy people!
Happy, though despis'd and poor.

2 Ye whom God has sav'd from error,
Ye "who know the joyful sound,"
Fear ye not the nightly terror,
Arms of mercy close you round:
Dread no evil;
God will all your foes confound.

3 Since his love and mercy found you,
Ye are precious in his sight;
Thousands now may fall around you,
Thousands more be put to flight,

But his presence
Keeps you safe by day and night.

4 Lo! your Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is his care;
Though ye cannot boast of numbers,
In his strength secure ye are:
Bless'd their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

5 As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards her brood with tender care
So the Lord his children gathers,
Spreads his wings and hides them there;
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

444.

L. M. *The people of God secure in his protection.* Ps. cxxi.

1 Up to the hills we lift our eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all their help the saints derive,
There our almighty refuge lives.

2 His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever living God;
The world he built, the floods he spread,
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made.

3 Israel, the name divinely blest!
May rise secure, securely rest;
His holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

4 Should all our foes with malice burn,
Safe may we go, and safe return;
Our great Redeemer's constant care
Preserves our souls from ev'ry snare.

445.

C. M. *The sheep of Jesus safe in his keeping.* John x. 28.

1 Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,
Our Lord, our hope, our trust;

If we are found in Jesus' hands
Our souls can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His chosen from his breast;
Safe in the bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

446.

L. M. *The security of believers.* Romans viii. 33–39.

1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
Shall God—who justifies their souls?
Whose mercy, mighty to redeem,
Their endless destiny controls?

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
Shall Christ—who suffer'd in their stead?
Who, their salvation to fulfil,
Arose triumphant from the dead?

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Can mercy's purposes o'erthrow,
Nor pow'rs below, nor pow rs above,
Can sever us from Jesus' love.

447.

L. M. *Strength proportioned to circumstances.*
Deuteronomy xxxiii. 25. 1 Cor. x. 13.

1 Ye fearful saints, to Christ draw near,
Your Saviour's gracious promise hear—
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as your days your strength shall be.

2 The Christian race with patience run,
Till grace completes what grace begun;
Go on assur'd of victory,
For as your days your strength shall be.

3 Though call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Of shame, affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,—
Still as your days your strength shall be.

4 When Jordan's waves appear in view,
Christ's presence shall your fears subdue;
He comes to set your spirits free,
And as your days your strength shall be.

448.

C. M. *Believers deriving strength from above.*
Isaiah xl. 27—31.

1 Whence do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Have restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty Name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can the all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease,
But they that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel their strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

**449.

L. M. *The ministry of angels.* Hebrews i. 14.

1 Oh for a pray'r like his of old
That sped his servant's doubting eye,
To bid our raptur'd gaze behold
The flaming chariots of the sky!

2 Or for a dream like his who slept
At Bethel's gate, the house of God,
While angel feet descending stept
And round his lonely pillow trod.

3 Or that deep hour of kindling night,
When moonbeam fail'd, and stars grew dim
As thronged seraph forms of light
To peal the Saviour's natal hymn.

4 In cherub hands the flaming sword
Round life's fair tree no longer moves,
Those hosts who sang th' incarnate Lord
Now serve the meanest soul he loves.

5 Where'er salvation's boon is giv'n
For such their zealous bosoms burn,
And sinless beings joy in heav'n
When worms like us to Jesus turn.

6 To that unnumber'd glorious throng,
Through life's short pilgrimage we come;
They hover round our path, and long
To bid our spirits welcome home.

450.

C. M. *God the portion of his people.* Psalm lxxiii. 23—28.

1 God, our supporter and our hope,
Our help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy holds us up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide our feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct us near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were we in heav'n without our God,
No comfort there would be;
And whilst this earth is our abode,
We long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is our soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 To seek thy throne of grace, O God!
Shall be our sweet employ;
Our tongues shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world our joy.

451.

C. M. *God the friend of his people, and all good things ensured to them by the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ.* Romans viii. 28, 31, 32.

1 Let Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
Then who can prove our foe?

2 He who his best beloved Son
Gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
His bounty can supply?

3 Behold the best, the greatest gift
Of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below
And perfect bliss above!

4 O happy they who love the Lord,
And Christ the Saviour know!
Whom the blest purpose of his grace,
Has call'd from all below!

5 Assur'd of his unchanging love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

6 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Afflictions from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

452.

L. M. *The people of God the possessors of all things.*
1 Corinthians iii. 21—23.

1 How vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of Grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our way, and heav'n our home.

2 All things are ours, the gifts of God;
Bestow'd on us through Jesus' blood:
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown our days,
They help us, Lord, to speak thy praise:
If bread of sorrows be our food,
Those sorrows work our lasting good.

4 We would not change our bless'd estate
For all the world calls good or great:
And while our faith can keep her hold,
We envy not the sinner's gold.

5 Father, we wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide our portion still:
Grant us on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

453.

L. M. *The beatitudes.* Matt. v. 3—12.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their helplessness and poverty;
To them by sov'reign grace are giv'n
Crowns of unfading joy in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men who mourn for sin,
And groan beneath its pow'r within;
The blood of Christ atoning flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
They shall enjoy the promis'd land,
Led thither by Jehovah's hand.

4 Bless'd are the men who, sav'd by grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
Their large desires shall soon be fill'd
From streams which living fountains yield.

5 Bless'd are the merciful, who know
The grace which Christ the Lord did show;
Mercy they shall obtain from God,
Through faith in the Redeemer's blood.

6 Bless'd are the pure in heart, who, free
From guile, abhor iniquity;
Jehovah's presence they shall view,
And endless years their joys renew.

7 Bless'd are the men of peace, who seek
To heal the breaches strife may make;
They shall be call'd, the heirs of bliss,
Children of God, the God of peace.

8 *Bless'd* are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;

Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

SECTION THIRD.—THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

454.

L. M. *The repentance of a sinner the occasion of joy in heaven.* Luke xv. 7.

1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see the prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew:
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

455.

L.M. *Depravity and guilt confessed; pardon and sanctification implored.* Psalm li. 2—5.

1 Lord, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Descended from the man whose fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Behold we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

3 Jesus the Lord! his blood alone
Has pow'r sufficient to atone:
His blood can make us white as snow:
May we its cleansing virtue know!

4 Great God! create our hearts anew,
And form our spirits pure and true!
O wash our souls from ev'ry sin,
And make the guilty conscience clean!

5 A broken heart, O God our King!
Is all the sacrifice we bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 Our sins though great, do not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

7 Then will we teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
We'll point them to the Saviour's blood
And say, "behold the way to God."

8 O may thy love inspire our tongue!
Forgiveness be our constant song!
While all our pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness.

456.

S. M. *The grace of redemption no encouragement to sin.*
Romans vi. 1, 2.

1 SHALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said
That we whose sins are crucifi'd
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

457.

L. M. *Grace and godliness combined.* Psalm xxxii. 1, 2.

1 Bless'd is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Bless'd is the man, to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

*458.

L. M. *The conduct of believers superior to that of others.* Matthew v. 46, 47.

1 And do we hope to be with him
Who on the cross resign'd his breath?
Who died a victim, to redeem
His people from eternal death?

2 Then should the question oft recur,
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to those below?

3 Where is that holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits
That show we're not what once we were?

4 Allied to him who bore the cross,
And call'd the people of the Lord:

The world to us should seem but loss;
And worthless all it can afford.

5 As pilgrims on their journey home,
'Tis thus his people should be found:
Who seek a city yet to come;
And cannot rest on earthly ground.

6 'Tis thus his people prove their birth;
'Tis thus they glorify the Lord;
To others they resign the earth,
And hasten to their bright reward.

459.

L. M. *The character which the gospel inculcates and the hope it inspires.* Titus ii. 11—14.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 The gospel bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

460.

L. M. *The example of Christ.* 1 Peter ii. 21.

1 Divine Redeemer, gracious Lord!
We read our duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
As all created charms outshine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou our Pattern; make us bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Thus shall we best thy praise proclaim
With all the foll'wers of the Lamb.

461.

C. M. *Christian virtues plants in the Lord's garden.*
Solomon's Song iv. 12—16.

1 A Garden fenc'd from common earth,
By special sov'reign grace,
Enrich'd with plants of heav'nly birth,
The church of Jesus is.

2 His gospel is the azure sky;
His love the shining sun;
Rivers of peace, which never dry,
Through all the garden run.

3 His Spirit is the heav'nly wind,
That o'er the garden blows,
And op'ning each regen'rate mind
The Saviour's image shows.

4 Faith, like an ivy, to the rock
That stands for ever, cleaves;
And, through the tempest's loudest shock,
Its hold it never leaves.

5 Assurance, like a cedar, rears
Its stately branches high,
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,
And blossoms in the sky.

6 Here love appears a fruitful vine,
From Christ the living root
Receiving grace, as sap divine,
And bears immortal fruit.

7 Humility, a lily fair,
Transplanted from on high,
Grows here, perfuming all the air
With sweets that never die.

8 Firm patience, like an aloe strong,
By storms unshaken, grows,
And, changing scenes enduring long,
At length in glory blows.

9 Here hope, a lively evergreen,
Displays her smiling face:
And flow'rs of ev'ry hue are seen,
But all are plants of grace.

462.

C. M. *Faith the conviction of things not seen.*
Hebrews xi. 1, 3, 8—10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
It penetrates the clouds of sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abr'am, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

463.

L. M. *Walking by faith.* 2 Cor. v. 7.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We journey through this vale of night;
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

464.

L. M. *Comfort dependant upon faith.* Romans xv. 13.

1 The Gospel is our joy and song;
'Tis rich and full, 'tis free and strong;
It answers all the sinner's needs;
Its grace our highest thought exceeds.

2 But our deceitful hearts we find,
To unbelief are still inclin'd:
And doubting souls can ne'er receive,
The comforts which its doctrines give.

3 O did we, with a steady faith,
Believe whate'er Jehovah saith!
Then should we glorify him more,
And his unbounded love adore.

4 Did we but trust our heav'nly Friend,
And on his faithful word depend,

Then should we fearless view the grave,
And death itself no sting would have.

5 This faith would cheer our gloomiest way,
And turn our darkness into day;
While still our constant aim would be,
O God! to live or die to thee.

465.

S. M. *Faith the gift of God.* Ephesians ii. 8.

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd:
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all atoning Priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Lord, since this precious faith
Is thine alone to give,
Through the Redeemer's righteousness
May we the grace receive.

466.

C. M. *A living and a dead faith.* James ii. 14—18.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey Jehovah's will,
As well as trust his grace;
The pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
His Spirit reigns within;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

467.

C. M. *Sincerity.* John i. 47.

1 To thee we come, O God! whose eyes
Prove all the thoughts of men;
To thee we now address our pray'r:
O make us pure within!

2 O make us "Israelites indeed,"
Free from all false disguise;
Make us to hate all sin, and leave
All refuges of lies.

3 Let not our hearts unchang'd remain,
May they be form'd anew;
Thy word the rule by which we walk,
Thy praise what we pursue!

4 Inspire us with the fear of God,
And the Redeemer's love;
Let no unworthy motive, Lord,
Our souls to action move!

5 Cause us, O God of truth and grace,
Our real state to know!
If we are wrong, O set us right!
If right, O keep us so!

468.

L. M. *Mary's choice.* Luke x. 42.

1 Beset with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 To us, O Lord, thy grace impart,
That we may choose the better part;
May scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear;
But all our treasures with us bear.

4 If thou, Redeemer, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

469.

L. M. *The service of God rejoiced in.* Joshua xxiv. 15.

1 Ah! wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may we sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May we resolve with all the heart,
With all our pow'rs to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all our joy;
Around let our example shine,

Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 O may we never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept our souls' desire,
And grant us strength to live thy praise.

470.

C. M. *The spirit of bondage exchanged for the spirit of adoption.* Romans viii. 15. 1 John iv. 18, 19.

1 How long beneath the law we lay
In bondage and distress!
We toil'd the precepts to obey,
But toil'd without success.

2 Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than we could do;
Now, if we feel its pow'r within
We feel we hate it too.

3 Then all our servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
We freely choose his ways.

4 What shall we do, was then the word,
That we may worthier grow?
What shall we render to the Lord?
Is our inquiry now.

5 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes the slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

*471.

7s. *Self dedication to the Saviour.* Isaiah xxvi. 13.

1 Once to other lords we bow'd,
None were more enslav'd than we,
Once we join'd the thoughtless crowd,
Saviour, now we come to thee.

2 Long, too long, alas! we were
Slaves of sin and foes to thee;
Now with truth we can declare,
None owe more to grace than we.

3 Lord, we now confess with shame
How we slighted all thy love;
How we long withstood thy claim,
And against thy mercy strove.

4 Henceforth we desire to be
Thine alone, for ever thine;
Thou hast set the pris'ners free;
Saviour, on thy people shine.

472.

5.M. *Love and joy towards the unseen Saviour.* 1 Peter i. 8.

1 Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

473.

C. M. *Christ valued above all things.* Philippians iii. 8.

1 Jesus, we love thy charming name;
'Tis music to the ear;
Fain would we sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to our souls,
Our transport and our trust:

Jewels to thee are empty toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All our capacious pow'rs can wish
Here in perfection meet:
Nor to our eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon our hearts,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all our wounds,
The cordial of our care.

5 We'll speak the honours of thy name
With our last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, glory in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

474.

C. M. *Christ precious to believers.* Solomon's Song i. 3.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In the believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Bless'd name! the rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding place;
Our never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! our Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.

5 Through life we would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;

And may the savour of thy name,
Refresh our souls in death.

*475.

7s. *Progress in the path of duty the obligation of believers under all circumstances.* Exodus xiv. 14, 15.

1 When we cannot see our way,
We should trust, and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Will us make the way to know.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seems denied,—
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we trace no ray of light,—
Since the Lord himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night, with him, is always bright,
Where He is, there all is light;
When he calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where he calls us, there to go,—
What he bids us, that to do.

*476.

8. 7. 7. *Boldness in confessing Christ.* Acts v. 41.

1 And art Thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion for us to prepare?
Shall we behold thee on thy throne,
And dwell for ever with thee there?
Then let the world approve or blame,
We'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should we to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot our own;
What shame would fill us in that day,
When thou thy glory wilt display!

3 And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes a while,
But soon his place shall know him not.
Shall we with his demands comply,
And Christ, the Lord of all deny?

4 No! let the world around defame,
And vile account us if they will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
We purpose to be viler still:
For thee, our God, we all resign,
Content if thou dost own us thine.

*477.

L. M. *The Martyr's zeal.* Acts xxi. 13.

1 O FOR the martyr's glowing zeal!
He fears no danger, shuns no pain;
He stands oppos'd to earth and hell,
And tells them all their threats are vain.

2 See! where the faithful champion stands,
Undaunted by his num'rous foes;
He listens to his Lord's commands,
And life itself for him foregoes.

3 His treasure men cannot destroy,
And while they think to cast him down,
They do but hasten on his joy,
And brighten his celestial crown.

4 "Farewell," he cries, "to all below;
"I mount to yonder bless'd abode,
"To join the saints in heav'n I go,
"To dwell for ever with my God."

5 How bless'd are they whose work is done!
Who now enjoy the glorious prize;
Be this our care, the race to run,
That we may know and share their joys.

478.

L. M. *Apostacy deprecated.* John vi. 68.

1 Thou only Sov'reign of the heart,
Our Refuge, our almighty Friend!
And can our souls from thee depart,
On whom alone our hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither should we go,
Were we to wander from the Lord?
Could this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these the fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer the heart,
Than the whole round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near in vain they call;
One smile—one blissful smile of thine,
Redeeming Lord! outweighs them all.

5 Thy name our inmost pow'rs adore,
Thou art our life, our joy, our care;
Depart from Thee?—'tis death, tis more,—
Tis endless ruin—deep despair.

6 Low at thy feet our souls would lie,
There safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still would we live beneath thine eye,
For life—eternal life, is thine.

479.

L. M. *The stability of the covenant the consolation of believers.* Hebrews vi. 13—19.

1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend our souls from thee, our God!

But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long
Our soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is our anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears our spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God,
Lays the foundation of our hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

480.

C. M. *Rejoicing in the covenant of grace.* 2 Sam. xxi

1 O God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace we find
Our happiness secure.

2 What tho' all things be not with us
As nature could desire,
To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy servants should aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our father art become;
Jesus, our guardian, and our friend,
And heav'n our final home;

4 We welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when we know not what thou dos
We wait the light above.

5 Thy cov'nant, in the darkest gloom,
Its heav'nly rays imparts,
And, when our eye-lids close in dea
Shall warm our chilling hearts.

**481.

8s. *Trust in God while walking in darkness.* Isaiah 1. 10.

1 Why seek ye the living below
Where death has establish'd his throne?
Can the ardours of seraphim glow
In hearts of insensible stone?
His hope shall be crush'd in its birth
Who labours to kindle a fire,
That, shrouded by vapours of earth,
But sparkles awhile to expire.

2 Far better in darkness to mourn,
When God hath averted his face,
To cry for the Spirit's return,
And watch the new dawnings of grace,
Than compass our path with a flame
Unholy and false in its glare,
Beguiling the soul with a name,
Till quench'd in the blackest despair.

3 O Jesus! reveal'd as our way,
By thee, and thee only we go:
And be thy sure promise our stay,
Mid glooms of desertion and woe!
O teach us to rest on thy love,
And still, though we see not, believe;
Upheld by our Father above,
Who will not, who cannot deceive.

*482.

L. M. *Confidence.* 1 Peter v. 7.

1 The mighty God, the only wise,
Bids that we cast our care on him;
The privilege we greatly prize,—
He reigns in heav'n and earth supreme.

2 How bless'd! to be allow'd to call
The God whom heav'n adores, our Friend;
To tell our thoughts, to tell them all,
Assur'd he will our cries attend.

3 He will attend;—the feeblest sigh
Has wings that bear it to his throne;
Each pray'r of faith ascends the sky,
And brings a gracious answer down.

4 Then let us banish anxious care,
Confiding in our Father's love;
To him make known our wants in pray'r,
Prepar'd his answer to approve.

5 Jehovah's wisdom cannot err,
His love no change nor failure knows;
'Tis ours his counsel to prefer,
And acquiesce in all he does.

*483.

L. M. *Confidence.* Mat. vi. 34.

1 TAKE thou no thought, O child of dust,
For what to-morrow's dawn may bring;
But in the Lord thy Saviour trust,
And rest beneath his guardian wing.

2 Thy times are in his hand alone,
That hand which deals thy daily bread;
To him the coming hour is known,
That lays thee with the silent dead.

3 Wouldst thou, a worm of earth, explore
His counsels, hid from angel eyes?
Indulge the impious wish no more,
Nor tempt thy God,—"God only wise."

4 Enough, if through life's path to heav'n,
He deign to guide thy devious way;
Enough, that grace and strength are giv'n
Sufficient for the passing day.

484.

C. M. *Christ the strength and righteousness of his people.* Psalm lxxi. 14—16, 22—24.

1 OUR Saviour, our almighty Friend,
When we begin thy praise,

Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace!

2 Thou art our everlasting trust,
Thy goodness we adore;
And since we knew thy graces first,
We speak thy glories more.

3 Our feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength
To see our Father, God.

4 How will our lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of our King!
Our souls, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

5 Awake, awake, our tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song,
We'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

485.

M. *Confidence in prospect of eternity inspired by the assurance of Christ's sufficiency to save.* 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 We're not asham'd to own our Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, our God! we know his name;
His name is all our trust;
Nor will he put our souls to shame,
Nor let our hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What we've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 *Then he* our worthless names will own
Before his Father's face;

And with the hosts around his throne,
Appoint our souls a place.

486.

C. M. *Gratitude.* 2 Samuel vii. 18, 19.

1 When all thy mercies, O our God!
Our rising soul surveys,
Transported in the view we're lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts, day by day,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before our infant minds conceiv'd,
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
Thy hand has kept our way;
And through the treach'rous snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
Our constant thanks employ;
Nor is the least a grateful heart
To taste those gifts with joy.

5 But blessings richer, nobler far
Than those demand our praise,
If thou our worthless lives hast crown'd
With thy redeeming grace.

6 Through ev'ry period of our lives
Thy goodness we'll proclaim,
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

487.

S. M. *The mercies of God acknowledged.* Ps. ciii. 1, &c.

1 Come, bless the Lord, our souls,
Let all within us join,
And aid our tongues to praise his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 Come, bless the Lord our souls,
Nor let his mercies lie,
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
Or unacknowledg'd die.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest praise exceed.

4 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the grass,
Which withers in an hour;
But thy divine compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure.

488.

. 7. *Obligations to grace acknowledged.* Acts xxvi. 21.

1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune our hearts to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never-ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach us the melodious measures
Sung by seraph choirs above;
While we tell the boundless treasures
Of our God's unchanging love.

2 Here we raise our Ebenezer;
Hither, by thy help, we're come;
And we hope, through thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought us, helpless strangers,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
And to rescue us from dangers
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to sov'reign grace, what debtors
Daily we're constrain'd to be!
May that grace, Lord, strong as fetters,
Bind our wand'ring hearts to thee!
Prone to wander, yes, we feel them,
Prone to leave the God we love;
Take our hearts, O! take and seal them,
Seal them from thy courts above.

489.

S. M. *The pleasures of real religion.* Proverbs iii. 17

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
The gospel never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 While those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
The children of the heav'nly king,
Should speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

*490.

8. 7. 4. *The joy of believers.* 1 Peter i. 8.

1 FAR from us be grief and sadness,
Farther still unhallow'd mirth,
Zion's sons may sing with gladness,
Theirs are joys of heavenly birth;
Jesus owns them,
He is Lord of heaven and earth.

2 All the worldling's mirth is madness,
All his labours fruitless toil;
'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
Tho' the world their choice revile;
Sweet their portion!
Life is in the Saviour's smile.

3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,
Balanc'd with a Saviour's love;
Since the Lord in mercy drew us,
Drew our souls to things above,
Earthly objects
Can no longer greatly move.

4 Once the world was all our treasure,
Then the world our hearts possess'd;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us bless'd;
We can witness
Jesus gives his people rest.

491.

C. M. *Joy in God.* Isaiah xii. 2.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, in grateful songs,
And triumph in your God;

Unite your voices to proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath our souls he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set
Our slipp'ry footsteps fast.

3 The city of our bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

4 What, though the pow'rs of hell unite,
And all their legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards our life,
And bounds their raging pow'r.

5 Arise, ye saints, your voices wake
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
Our Saviour and our King.

492.

C. M. *God, the believer's chief joy.* Psalm iv. 6, 7.

1 In vain the erring world enquires
For some substantial good;
While earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.

2 Illusive dreams of happiness
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
Is visionary joy.

3 Begone, ye gilded vanities!
We seek some solid good;
To real bliss our wishes rise—
Thy favour, O our God!

4 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray;

One glimpse of thee will cheer the heart,
And turn the night to day.

5 Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind;
The highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

6 Should boundless wealth increase our store,
Can wealth our cares beguile?
We should be wretched still, and poor,
Without Jehovah's smile.

7 Grant, gracious God, this one request,
Oh! be thy love alone
Our ample portion—here we rest,
For heav'n is in the boon.

8 Thy favour, Lord, is all we want;
Here would our spirits rest:
Oh! seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make us fully bless'd.

493.

C. M. *Christian love.* 1 Cor. xiii. 4—8, 13.

1 Let Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long, with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endure the wrong.

4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;

Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good:
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above:
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

494.

C. M. *The excellence of love.* 1 Cor. viii. 1.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge alone is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

495.

L. M. *Christian forbearance.* Romans xiv. 1—4.

1 Not diff'rent food, or diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the great Redeemer wrong;
Jesus, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble and the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence;
Meekness and love our souls imbue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

*496.

8. 7. 4. *Christian forbearance.* Genesis xlv. 24.

1 Brethren, let us walk together
In the bonds of love and peace;
Can it be a question, whether
Brethren should from conflict cease?
'Tis in union,
Hope, and joy, and love increase.

2 While we journey homeward let us
Help each other in the road;
Foes on ev'ry side beset us,
Snares through all the way are strew'd;
It becomes us,
Each to bear a brother's load.

3 When we think how much our Father
Has pass'd by, and does forgive,
Surely, we should learn the rather,
Free from wrath and strife to live,
Far removing
All that might offend or grieve.

4 Let us each esteem his brother
Better than himself to be,
And let each prefer another,
Full of love, from envy free;
Happy are we,
When in this we all agree.

497.

L. M. *Uselessness of gifts and outward professions of Christianity without love.* 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

1 Had we tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, we are found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were we inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could our faith the world remove,
Still we are nothing without love.

3 Should we distribute all our store
To satisfy the hungry poor,
Or give our bodies to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all our hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

498.

7s. *Humility.* Psalm cxxxi.

1 Lord! if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
We shall, as our Master, be
Clothed with humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Lowly, as a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father! fix our souls on thee;
Ev'ry evil let us flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

499.

L. M. *Humility accepted, and pride rejected; illustrated in the Pharisee and the Publican.* Luke xviii. 9—14.

1 Behold, how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 O Father! let us never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee:
We have no merits of our own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

500.

S. M. *Christian watchfulness.* Mat. xxiv. 42—47.

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 "Watch!" 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand;
And raise that favour'd servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

*501.

7s. *Diligence.* John ix. 4.

1 Let us work while here we stay,
Work while it is call'd to-day,
Ere the closing night of death,
Seal our eyes and check our breath.

2 Earth is not a home for rest,
So polluted and unblest;
Where the Lord reveals his face,
Is our only resting-place.

3 While we lie with folded hands,
Satan all rejoicing stands:
Sloth would cast us into sleep,
On the verge of ruin deep.

4 Jesus toil'd while here below,
Him, his people follow now;
Saviour, make us thine, that we
When we die may rest with thee.

502.

C. M *Diligence in the Christian race.* Phil. iii. 12-

1 Awake, our souls! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;

The heav'nly race demands our zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold us in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge your way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls us from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
And brings salvation nigh.

4 That prize, with matchless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' crowns
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Bless'd Saviour, through thy grace alone,
Have we our race begun:
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our honours down.

503.

L. M. *Heavenly mindedness.* Colossians iii. 2.

1 Behold the sons and heirs of God,
Bought with the Saviour's precious blood!
Should they not live on heav'nly joy,
And things divine their thoughts employ?

2 Surely the vanities of earth
Ill suit the honours of their birth!
Shall they its wealth and fame desire,
Who ought to God and Christ aspire!

3 Can worldlings' pleasures feed the mind
Regenerate, by grace refin'd?
Or can the souls, that Jesus know,
Be fond of carnal pomp and show?

4 Lord! be thy will our daily care;
As pilgrims may we journey here;

And while our duty we pursue,
Still keep the promis'd land in view.

5 Thus, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We pass surrounding trifles by;
And cheerful wait thy call to rise
To glorious mansions in the skies.

504.

C. M. *Increase of spiritual life and vigour.*
Psalm cxix. 25—32.

1 Oppress'd beneath the law of sin,
We cry to thee, O Lord!
Grant us thy quick'ning pow'r within,
According to thy word.

2 We need the influence of thy grace
To speed us in thy way,
Else we shall loiter in our race,
And turn our feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou the faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant us warmer zeal
To tread the heav'nly road?

4 O may our hearts thy precepts love!
On thee our hope relies;
O fix our minds on things above,
As pilgrims to the skies!

5 Then shall we prize thy gospel more,
And firmly trust thy word,
According as we feel its pow'r
To draw us near the Lord.

505.

C. M. *The reviving influence of the Holy Spirit.*
Psalm cxix. 25.

1 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of earth's trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Saviour! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

506.

C. M. *Conformity to the will of God, the desire and happiness of believers.* Psalm cxix. 11—13.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide our ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that our God would grant us grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon our heart!
Nor let our tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the scorner's part.

3 Order our footsteps by thy word,
And make our souls sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep our conscience clear.

4 Make us to walk in thy commands,
Tis a delightful road;
Nor let our head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against our God.

507.

L. M. *Increase of grace desired.* Eph. iii. 16—21.

1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

SECTION FOURTH.—ADDRESSES TO THE CHURCHES.

**508.

7s. *The revelation of Jesus Christ.* Rev. i. 10, &c.

1 Who, from forth the mercy-seat,
Deigns the sons of dust to greet?
He, who as their victim stood,
He, who bought them with his blood;

2 He, the child of lowly birth,
Prince of all the kings of earth;
He who bears Jehovah's name,
Speaks in thunder, treads in flame;

3 He, creation's glorious head,
First-begotten of the dead;
He whose face the sun outshines,
While his hand the stars confines;

4 He, who, bath'd in purple gore,
Died—and lives for evermore,
And, within his mighty breath,
Holds the keys of hell and death;

5 He, from forth the holy place,
Sends the word of truth and grace,
He, the contrite sinner's friend,
JESUS speaks—let earth attend.

**509.

L. M. *Ephesus.* Rev. ii. 2—7.

1 THUS saith the Lord, the Holy One;
"Thy works and labours I have known;
Thy care to glorify my name,
And bring the lying lips to shame.

2 I know thine inmost thought,—I see
Thy patience, and thy zeal for me:
Yet hear my solemn warning sent
That bids thee tremble and repent.

3 No more thy first love ardent burns,
But, half-extinguish'd, earthward turns;
Thou art my temple—I'll not bear
Such languid flame to quiver there.

4 Repent;—thy early works perform;
Else on thy head I hurl the storm:
From slumber wake, and trim thy light,
Lest it be quench'd in endless night.

5 For him whose faith shall overcome,
My love prepares a glorious home,
Where life's unguarded tree supplies
Immortal fruits in paradise."

**510.

C. M. *Smyrna.* Revelation ii. 8—11.

1 THUS saith the Lord, the First and Last,
Who died and lives again;
"Believer, all thy works I know,
Thy poverty and pain.

2 Yet wealth is in thy poverty,
And joy is in thy woes;
I treasure all thy tears, and mark
The raging of thy foes.

3 Behold, I loosen Satan's chain,
Yet, trembler, fear not thou,
Though sorely tried, in dungeons deep,
Thy captive spirit bow;

4 Though for a season thou shalt find
No solace for thy care,
Be faithful unto death; thy brow
A crown of life shall wear.

5 Then shrink not from temptation's hour,
For thus Jehovah saith,
He that o'ercomes shall rise again.
Nor taste the second death."

**511.

7s. *Pergamos.* Rev. ii. 12—17.

1 THUS proclaims the mighty Lord,
He who wields the two-edg'd sword,—
"Though by Satan's throne thou dwell.
Faithful soul, I know thee well.

2 'Mid the taunts of scorn and pride
Thou hast not my name denied;
In my truth hast stedfast stood,
Where my martyrs pour'd their blood.

3 Yet repent thee, and beware;
Watch against the secret snare;

Idol pleasure, love of gain,
Vain conceits thy bosom stain.

4 O repent! before the Lord
Smite thee with his awful word;—
Hearken what the Spirit saith
Of the conqu'ring hosts of faith:—

5 They on heav'nly food shall live,—
Tokens of my love receive;
Joys to all besides unknown,
They shall share before my throne."

**512.

L. M. *Thyatira.* Rev. ii. 18–28.

1 The Lord, whose eyes with lightning glance
Pierce to the depths of human thought,
Whose firm, unfalt'ring steps advance,
Till all th' eternal will be wrought;—

2 The Lord to thee his chosen saith,
"Thy labour and thy love I own;
I know thy service, patience, faith,
And labours more abundant grown.

3 But why this weak false charity
For those who my pure word despise?
Thou see'st an idol altar nigh,
And hearest doctrine fraught with lies.

4 I, who all hearts and reins explore,
Appoint to each his righteous doom:
Hold fast my truth, thy precious store,
Maintain it stedfast till I come.

5 Partaker of my triumph, thou
Shalt prove victorious in the war;
And wear for ever on thy brow,
The splendours of the morning star."

**513.

6. 8. 4. *Sardis.* Rev. iii. 1—5.

1 The awful message came,
The Lord of Spirits said,
"I know thou hast a living name,
But thou art dead.
Thy dying gifts revive,
And strengthen what remain;
Repent, remember, watch, and strive
To live again.

2 But if thou wilt not hear
This warning of my grace,
Nor bow with penitential fear
Before my face;
Lo! as a thief I come,
The hour thou canst not tell,
To drive thee from thy peaceful home
In flames to dwell.

3 The undefil'd shall see
My promise fix'd, and sure;
And he who conquers, walk with me
In garments pure:
Recorded by my love,
His name I will declare
Before my Father's throne above,
And angels there."

**514.

L. M. *Philadelphia.* Rev. iii. 7—12.

1 Holy and true! thou bear'st the key
Of an unknown eternity:
What hand shall close thine open'd door
What eye thy sealed gulf explore!

2 Thou, to the humble soul, hast giv'n
An entrance to thy house in heav'n,

And flung the gate of mercy wide,
And to the weeping mourner cried:—

3 "Thy little strength, by me conferr'd,
Hath own'd my name, and kept my word;
And soon before thy feet shall bow
The traitors who oppress thee now.

4 Thy soul in patience now possess'd,
On my sure covenant shall rest,
When fiery darts abroad are hurl'd,
And sore temptations try the world.

5 With lightning wing'd, I hasten down—
Hold that thou hast—secure thy crown—
O'ercome; ere long thou shalt remove
To join the conqu'ring hosts above.

6 My Zion's glory thou shalt share,
A pillar firm establish'd there;
Whereon my Father's name and mine,
In glowing characters shall shine."

**515.

C. M. *Laodicea.* Rev. iii. 14—22.

1 Cease ye from man's delusive word,
Ye fools, return again;
And hear the all-creating Lord,
Th' omnipotent Amen.

2 "The secret sin that taints thy breast
Thine outward deeds reveal;
Would thou wert cold, a foe confess'd,
Or hot in loyal zeal.

3 Thy God rejects the lifeless pray'r,
And loathes the hollow praise;
And, mid the wealth thy lips declare,
Thy naked want surveys.

4 Thou say'st—'No higher grace I need;
'Behold, how rich I am!'

Oh that thy darken'd eye could read
Thy penury and shame!

5 Poor wretched soul! deceiv'd and blind,
Beware—I counsel thee
To buy thee gold in fires refin'd,
And raiment pure, of me.

6 Anoint thine eyes—behold the rod
In chast'ning mercy sent:
O hear the deep rebuke of God,
Be zealous, and repent.

7 Through many a long rebellious year
I at the door have stood,
And call'd thy slumb'ring heart to hear,
The Saviour's pleading blood.

8 And yet I wait, and yet once more
Repeat the gracious cry:
Thou loit'ring soul, unclose the door;
I bring salvation nigh.

9 Upon my Father's lofty throne,
With vict'ry crown'd I shine:
Me for thy Prince and Saviour own,
My glory shall be thine."

**516.

L. M. *He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.* Rev. iii. 22.

1 Be silent, earth!—the Lord hath spoke:
Who may Jehovah's word reverse?—
The promis'd blessing, who revoke?—
Or who abide the with'ring curse?

2 To humble souls that word conveys
The pledge of everlasting life;
Light for the gloom of evil days,
And conquest in the hour of strife.

3 Like Israel's pillar'd cloud, it glows
To them a guardian glory bright;
But frowns upon rebellious foes
The blackness of eternal night.

4 Hear, or forbear—the word is come;
Believe or scoff—the word remains;
The awful word that seals your doom
To kingly crowns, or burning chains.

5 Think ye the Lord too long delays,
While ye his suff'ring love despise?
Soon, soon his fiery wrath shall blaze,
And pealing thunders shake the skies.

6 Too late those stubborn knees shall bow
That willing homage scorn to give:
The Spirit breathes his summons now,
Oh, hearken! and your souls shall live.

SECTION FIFTH.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A STATE OF TRIAL.

517.

S. M. *Tribulation the path to glory.* Acts xiv. 22.

1 We're strangers here below,
With various woes oppress'd,
And must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.

2 Thus Christ our glorious head
Ascended to his throne;
Why should his saints refuse to tread
The way their Lord has gone?

3 The path to glory lies
Through conflict and distress:
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

4 'Tis needful that we bear
Our Father's rod of love;
We pass through great affliction here,
To fit for heav'n above.

5 We learn his will divine
Beneath the chast'ning rod;
It purifies the soul from sin,
And brings us near to God.

6 Nor does he leave our hearts
To bear our griefs alone;
But consolation strong imparts,
And makes his presence known.

7 Then patient we'll sustain
The burdens of the day;
And wait till sorrow, toil, and pain,
Shall all be done away.

*518.

7s. *Trials on earth, and glory in heaven.* John xvi. 33

1 TRIBULATION, pain, and woe,
Are the Christian's lot below;
Glory, triumph, peace and love
Are the Christian's crown above.

2 Shall we sport a little while
In the world's deceitful smile,
Careless how we waste our breath,
Thoughtless of eternal death?

3 No;—if Christian souls we be,
Saviour, we must live to thee;
Trusting in thy mighty name,
We can welcome grief and shame.

4 Jesus, Lord! to thee we come;
Short, though rough, the journey home,
Let thy grace but now be giv'n,
Glory will be ours in heav'n.

*519.

L. M. *Casting our care on God.* 1 Peter v. 7.

1 To whom should those in trouble flee?
To whom, O gracious Lord, but thee?
For thou alone canst soothe our grief,
And thou alone canst give relief.

2 When in the lowest depths we are,
When all is grief, and all is care,
We cry to thee, and not in vain—
A word of thine relieves our pain.

3 'Tis sweet to be assur'd of this;
To taste the comfort sweeter is;
But sweeter far, to reach the shore,
Where grief and trouble are no more;

4 To see the object of our love
Enthron'd in majesty above;
To see the angels own his claim,
And hear the seraphs sound his name.

5 We look, not without hope, for this;
For all is ours if we are his:
The Lord will grace and glory give;
His people shall for ever live.

6 Yes, the delight of heav'n is theirs;
From sorrow free, and free from cares;
No conflicts there, no toil, no strife—
A blessed and immortal life.

520.

C. M. *Access to the throne of grace in trouble.*
Psalm cxliii. 9.

1 Dear Refuge of the weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
Our fainting hope relies.

2 To thee we tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word affords a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain we feel.

3 Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?
And shall we seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when we complain?

4 No; still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r;
O may we ever find access
To breathe our sorrows there!

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let our souls retreat:
With humble trust attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

*521.

L. M. *A refuge from the storm.* Isaiah xxvi. 20.

1 Our rest be here, the cross beneath,
The fittest place for such as we;
'Tis here the faint begin to breathe,
Th' insolvent here alone are free.

2 Pursu'd, and without pow'r to flee,
In debt, and having nought to pay,
The cross our place of refuge be,
Our safety by the cross to stay.

3 Beneath the shelter of this place
We'll stay until the storm is past;
For who would dare the storm to face?
Or who sustain its fatal blast?

4 But here we listen to the sound,
And safe within this hallow'd spot,
While desolation reigns around,
The angry tempest harms us not.

5 We owe him much, whose love provides
A shelter from the furious blast,
The Lord, who thus his people hides,
Until the storm is overpast.

6 Our refuge and our rest be here,
The danger soon will pass away;
A cloudless sky will then appear,
A blessed, bright, eternal day.

522.

104th. *The presence and faithfulness of the Saviour, the comfort of his people under trouble.* Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 Begone unbelief! our Saviour is near,
And for our relief will surely appear;
By pray'r let us wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, we smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be our way, since he is our guide,
'Tis ours to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past, forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to bring us quite through.

4 Why should we complain, of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? he told us no less:
The heirs of salvation, we know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 Since all that we meet shall work for our good;
If rugged the path, it leads us to God;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

523.

8. 7. *Self-denial for Christ cheerfully submitted to.*
Mark x. 28. Acts v. 41. 1 John iii. 13.

1 JESUS, we our cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Guilty, weak, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou shalt hence our portion be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All we've sought, or hop'd, or known;
Yet how rich is our condition—
God, and Christ, and heav'n, our own!

2 Let the world despise and leave us;
They once left the Saviour too;
Human friendships may deceive us,
His is not like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon us,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown us—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain, is pleasure;
With thy favour, loss is gain.
We have call'd thee, Abba, Father!
Thou hast set thy love on us;
Storms may rise, and tempests gather,
All shall work for good to us.

4 Soon we go from grace to glory;
God's own hand shall guide us there;
Soon commence the grateful story
Of his gracious dealings here:
Soon will close our earthly mission—
Soon will end our pilgrim days—
Hope give place to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

*524.

C. M. *Grace desired according to circumstances.* Isaiah lxiii. 9.

1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live;
Hear us in heav'n, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

3 When, harrass'd by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round,
Or threaten, or allure,
By storm or calm, may we be found
In thee our refuge sure.

5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace.

7 When flames the elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

525.

s. *The Saviour's presence and grace desired under afflictive circumstances.* Isaiah xliii. 2.

1 WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow

When we mourn, or pray, or fear,—
Then, O gracious Saviour! hear.
Thou our mortal flesh hast worn,
Thou our varied griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Hear, O gracious Saviour! hear.

2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit sinks through fear,
Then, O gracious Saviour! hear.
Thou the shame and grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear,
Hear, O gracious Saviour! hear.

3 When death's billows round us roll,
Threat'ning to devour the soul,
When our final doom is near,
Then, O gracious Saviour! hear.
Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou the grave's dark gloom didst share,
Hear, O gracious Saviour! hear.

526.

7s. *Sanctified afflictions, proofs of God's paternal love.*
Heb. xii. 5—11. Psalm cxix. 67, 71.

1 'Tis our happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.
Trials must, and will befal;
But by humble faith to read
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness indeed.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;

These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring us to his feet,
Lay us low, and keep us there.

3 Did we meet no trials here—
No corrections by the way—
Might we not, with reason, fear
Being like the cast-away?
Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight,
But the children of our God
Must not, would not, if they might.

*527.

8. 7. 7. *The design of afflictions.* Hebrews xii. 5, &c.

1 When the Lord rebukes his servant,
'Tis to profit, not destroy;
'Tis to make his spirit fervent,
'Tis to give him real joy;
'Tis to make him better know
That his rest is not below.

2 Shall we then repine at trials
By our Father's love decreed?
What, if God had pour'd the vials
Of his wrath upon our head?
Death, of sin the wages is—
All is mercy short of this.

3 Since the Lord has giv'n us reason
To expect a place above,
In affliction's sharpest season
Let us own that God is love;
Let us own that all he does,
From paternal kindness flows.

4 Shall we murmur at his dealings?
Shall we not his mercy trust?

Since he knows our frames and feelings,
And remembers we are dust,
Shall we not receive the rod,
And confess the hand of God?

528.

7s. *Christian graces displayed in affliction.* Isa. xxiv. 15.

1 When the sun with cheerful beams,
Smiles upon a low'ring sky,
Soon its aspect soften'd seems,
And a rainbow meets the eye:
While the sky remains serene,
This bright arch is never seen.

2 Thus the Lord's supporting pow'r
Brightest to his saints appears,
When affliction's threat'ning hour
Fills their sky with clouds and fears:
He can wonders then perform,
Paint a rainbow on the storm.

3 All their graces doubly shine
When their troubles press them sore,
And the promises divine
Give them joys unknown before;
As the colours of the bow
To the cloud their brightness owe.

4 Favour'd John, a rainbow saw,
Circling round the throne above;
Hence the saints a pledge may draw
Of unchanging cov'nant love;
Clouds awhile may intervene,
But the bow will still be seen.

529.

8. M. *Present trouble soon succeeded by perfect blessedness.* Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;

Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Let ev'ry string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our rest above,
We ev'ry moment come.

3 Secur'd within the veil,
Hope is our anchor strong:
While pow'r supreme, and grace divine,
Shall guide us safe along.

4 And, should the surges rise,—
Should sore afflictions come—
Bless'd is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That brings us nearer home.

5 God's grace will to the end
Clearer and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can move his love divine.

6 Soon shall our pains and fears
Subside at his control;
His countenance, with cloudless ray,
Shall beam upon the soul.

7 Bless'd is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

*530.

C. M. *Suffering with Christ, and reigning with him.*
2 Tim. ii. 11, 12.

1 The head that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heav'n affords,
Is his by sov'reign right,

The "King of kings, and Lord of Lords,"
He reigns in glory bright.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is giv'n;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heav'n.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

A WARFARE.

*531.

L. M. *The good fight of faith.* 1 Tim. vi. 12.

1 CHRISTIANS an arduous fight maintain,
Nor do they hope nor wish for peace,
Till they their heav'nly mansion gain,
Then, not before, their conflicts cease.

2 Them, whom they now account as foes,
They once without reserve obey'd;
And liv'd in amity with those,
Who, while they wore a smile, betray'd.

3 Nor did they see the chains they wore;
Or, if they saw, felt no alarm:
The yoke contentedly they bore,
Till God himself dissolv'd the charm.

4 Awaken'd then as from a sleep,
And taught from whence their danger rose,
They flew to arms, resolv'd to keep
No terms with such deceitful foes.

5 With earth and hell in arms combin'd,
And with a heart as false as they,
Are saints engag'd, nor rest will find,
Till they have reach'd the realms of day.

532.

. M. *God, the strength of his people.* Psalm xviii. 1—3.

1 THE Lord of might, for ever near,
Is our salvation too;
God is our strength, nor need we fear
What all our foes can do.

2 Our tow'r and fortress be ador'd;
Our helper and our shield;
Trusting to him, we take the sword,
And enter on the field.

3 When sin and hell their pow'rs unite,
He makes our souls his care;
Instructs us to the heav'nly fight,
And guards us through the war.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye feeble saints,
And bear your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

5 Soon shall our heads be lifted high,
Above our foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Through all the camp resound.

6 The Rock of Israel ever lives,
And be his pow'r confess'd;
'Tis his own arm the conquest gives,
His name be ever bless'd.

533.

L. M. *The Christian's armour.* Ephesians vi. 10—17.

1 Our Captain sounds th' alarm of war,—
Awake! the pow'rs of hell are near!
"To arms! to arms!" we hear him cry,
"Tis yours to conquer though you die!"

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
We cast our watchful eyes around;
We gird the gospel armour on,
And bid our trembling fears begone.

3 Hope is our helmet, faith our shield,
The word of God the sword we wield;
Our loins are girt with truth and love,
And strength is giv'n us from above.

4 Thus arm'd we enter on the fight,
And put our num'rous foes to flight;
Jesus triumphant leads us on
To conquest and the victor's crown.

*534.

L. M. *Vigilance necessary in the Christian soldier.* 1 Thess. v. 6.

1 O Israel! to thy tents repair:
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware;
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain;
O Israel! gird thee for the fight:
Arise, the combat to maintain;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

3 O! sleep not thou as others do;
Awake, be vigilant, be brave:
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee;
A crown awaits thee in the skies!

With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize?

5 No! though a careless world repose
In fatal slumbers through life's day,
Israel prepar'd for vict'ry goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

535.

L. M. *Certainty of victory.* Romans xvi. 20.

1 Stand up, ye saints, shake off your fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where your great Captain, Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and our sins resist our course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes:
Immanuel nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
Inspir'd with malice, girt with might?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.

4 What though our inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay our sins, and end the strife.

5 Then let our souls march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There shall we wear unfading crowns,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in our glorious Leader's praise.

536.

C.M. *Christ, the Captain of the Lord's host, encouraging his people.* Rev. ii. 10; iii. 21.

1 HARK! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
Amidst the war's tumultuous noise,
How pow'rful, and how sweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band!" he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow:
"Who first in such a warfare dies
"Shall speediest vict'ry know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
"And in the dust was laid;
"But thence ascended to my throne,
"And glory crowns my head.

4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
"My hands the crown shall give;
"And you th' unfading honours wear,
"While God himself shall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our bosoms glow
With courage and with love;
Sustain'd by thee, we forward go,
Assur'd of joys above.

A VOYAGE.

*537.

L. M. *Perils of the sea.* Psalm cvii. 22—30.

1 WE Christians navigate a sea
Where various forms of death appear;
Nor skill, alas! nor pow'r have we
Aright our dang'rous course to steer.

2 Sometimes there lies a treach'rous rock
Beneath the surface of the wave;
We strike; yet we survive the shock,
For Jesus is at hand to save.

3 But hark! the midnight tempests roar;
We seem forsaken and undone;
But Jesus, whom we then implore,
Unseen, preserves and leads us on.

4 On the smooth surface of the deep,
Becalm'd, our vessel sometimes lies;
The danger then, is lest we sleep,
And ruin seize us by surprize.

5 Our destin'd land we sometimes view,
And think our toils will soon be o'er;
Expect some favourable breeze
Will waft us quickly to the shore;

6 But sudden clouds obstruct our view,
And we enjoy the sight no more;
Nor do we then believe it true
That we had ever seen the shore.

7 Safe anchor'd in the port at last,
Safe landed in the realms of joy,
We think no more of dangers past,
Wonder and love our hearts employ.

8 We wonder much at all we see,
We love the Author of our bliss,
And cry, while we the scene survey,
"O! what a glorious land is this!"

*538.

8. 7. 4. *Christ our pilot.* Psalm cvii. 30.

1 Why those fears? behold, tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Could we stay where death was hov'ring?
Could we rest on such a shore?

No—the awful truth discov'ring—
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we lov'd before.

3 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Trusting that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

4 Led by him, we brave the ocean;
Led by him, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tempestuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

5 Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction
We shall gain the port at last,—
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

6 O what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There the many foes who hate us
Can molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

539.

8. 7. 7. *Calm after a storm.* Mark iv. 37—41.

1 "WHO is this that calms the ocean?"
Thus they cried, who were on board,
When they saw the wild commotion
Cease, as Jesus spoke the word;
When the sudden calm they saw,
Wonder fill'd their minds, and awe.

2 He, who bids the tempest riot
On the deep, and makes it swell,
He alone the storm can quiet,
Saying to it, "peace be still,"—
He, whose pow'r to all gives birth,
All in heav'n, and all in earth.

3 He who calms the sea when raging,
Stills the tumult of the soul;
By his word the storms assuaging,—
Storms too furious for control:
But he binds them with his hand,
And they cease at his command.

4 Ye, who all your hope deriving
From yourselves, have labour'd long
To allay the storm by striving,
But have found the storm too strong,
From the hopeless labour cease,
Jesus gives the troubled peace.

*540.

S. M. *Safe-conduct to port.* Psalm lxxxix. 9.

1 We're bound for yonder land,
Where Jesus reigns supreme;
We leave the shore at his command,
Forsaking all for him.

2 The perils of the sea,—
The rocks, the waves, the wind,—
Are small, whatever they may be,
To those we leave behind.

3 Nor have we cause to fear;
The God who rules the sea,
In ev'ry danger will be near,
And our protection be.

4 The Lord himself will keep
His people safe from harm;
Will hold the helm and guide the ship
With his almighty arm.

5 Then let the tempests roar,
The billows heave and swell;
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore,
Where all the ransom'd dwell.

6 And when we gain that land,
How happy shall we be!
How shall we bless the mighty hand
That led us through the sea.

A PILGRIMAGE.

541.

L. M. *Christ the way to God and heaven.* John xiv. 6.

1 Jesus, our all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom we fix our hopes upon;
His track we see, and will pursue
The narrow way, till him we view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,—
The king's highway of holiness
We'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way we long have sought,
And mourn'd because we found it not;
Our grief and burden long have been
Because we could not cease from sin.

4 The more we strove against its pow'r,
We sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late we heard the Saviour say,
"Come hither souls, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad we come, atoning Lamb!
We seek salvation in thy name;
Our sinful selves to thee we give,—
Nothing but love shall we receive.

6 Then will we tell to sinners round,
What peace and glory we have found;

We'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

*542.

8. 7. 4. *Israel's journey.* Psalm lxxviii. 53.

1 SAVIOUR! through the desert lead us,
Without thee we cannot go:
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low.
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price thy love has bought us,
Saviour, O what love is thine!
Hitherto thy pow'r has brought us,
Pow'r and love in thee combine;
Lord of glory,
Ever on thine Israel shine.

3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,
Though our destin'd journey lie,
Render'd by thy presence fearless,
We may ev'ry foe defy.
Nought shall move us,
While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt, no track discov'ring,
Fearful lest we go astray;
O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us:
Thus we shall not miss our way.

5 When we hunger, thou wilt feed us,
Manna shall our camp surround:
Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us,
Streams shall from the rock abound.
Happy Israel,
What a Saviour thou hast found!

6 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way;
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
Thou wilt strike them with dismay:
And thy people,
Led by thee, shall win the day.

7 Then lead on, almighty Victor,
Scatter ev'ry hostile band;
Be our guide, and our protector,
Till on Zion's mount we stand;
Shouts of vict'ry
Then shall fill the promis'd land.

543.

C. M. *The pilgrimage of saints.* Psalm cvii. 4—7.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 Yet there's a path to thine abode
Lies through this desert land:
Lord, we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

3 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

4 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

5 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget the troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

6 There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary souls shall sit,

And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

7 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

544.

. M. *The failure of false professors, and the perseverance of believers.* Isaiah xl. 28—31.

1 AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and faint, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

545.

C. M. *The God of Bethel.* Gen. xxviii. 20—22.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our earnest pray'rs we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through all the changing paths of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
And as our various wants arise,
Do thou for all provide.

4 Extend thy guardian hand around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And, at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 These blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
Thou art, in Christ, our cov'nant God,
And portion evermore.

546.

8. 7. 4. *God the Saviour his people's guide.* Ps. lxxiii. 2

1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us now and evermore.

2 Open thou the living fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through the swelling current,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
We will ever give to thee.

547.

112th. *Strangers and sojourners.* Heb. xi. 13—16.

1 STRANGERS and sojourners below,
We travel through this wilderness;
And on to heav'nly mansions go,
Where Christ, our life, the saints shall bless.
We seek a rest beyond the skies,
An everlasting paradise.

2 In this pursuit, we daily need
The Saviour's strength-renewing grace;
Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace:
So shall each pilgrim gladly move,
And urge his way to heav'n above.

3 The new Jerusalem appears;
Her citizens resplendent shine;
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine.
We shall with them, his glory see,
And praise him through eternity.

548.

. M. *The Christian Pilgrim's destination.* Heb. xiii. 14.

1 "WE've no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 "We've no abiding city here;"
And seem to hear the worldling say,
"Your hope is vain, ye fools, forbear,
For pleasure lies another way."

6 No wonder men should reason thus,
And count our expectation vain!
But did they know the truth like us,
They'd soon adopt a diff'rent strain.

7 Did they, like us, by faith discern
The glorious city of our God,
They too, like us, would quickly learn
To walk in Zion's heav'nly road.

8 Zion!—Jehovah is her strength!
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

9 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd!
Had we the pinions of the dove,
We'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

549.

C. M. *Believers journeying to the heavenly Zion.*
Isaiah xxxv. 8—10.

1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliv'rer sing:
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Or seek the track in vain.

3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound:
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your glorious God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts
While lab'ring up the hill.

550.

The flock of Christ encouraged in their way to the kingdom. Luke xii. 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye,
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Jesus, God's beloved Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

4 Shout, ye little flock, for bless'd,
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

551.

S. M. *Rejoicing in the ways of God.* Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

1 Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song:
We, pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With praise should pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares t' entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there:

3 But flow'rs of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See! Salem's golden tow'rs
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Are sparkling through the skies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him, who leads the wand'rers on
To realms of endless day.

*552.

S. M. With Chorus. *Travelling to the celestial Canaan.* Heb. xi. 14—16.

1 From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah—
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah—
We are on our way to God.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And ev'ry conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah—
We are on our way to God.

4 There in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in ev'ry bosom reigns;
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah—
We are on our way to God.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
And all their pleasures share;
We'll sing the everlasting song
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah—
We are on our way to God.

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying thro' the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah—
We are on our way to God.

553.

8. 4. *Assurance of future blessedness founded on the faithfulness of God.* Hebrews vi. 13—18.

1 THE God who reigns on high
The mighty angels sing;
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!"

To Abr'am and his seed
Th' inheritance he gave,
By solemn oath confirm'd the deed,
Nor will deceive.

2 Yes, God himself hath sworn,
We on his oath depend ;
We shall—(the heirs of glory born)
To heav'n ascend :
We shall behold his face,
We shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore !

3 Though nature's strength decay,
And death and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way,
At his command :
The goodly land we see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.

4 There dwells the Lord our king,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace ;
On Sion's sacred height,
Our Great Redeemer reigns ;
And, glorious with his saints in light,
His state maintains.

5 The ransom'd nations bow,
Before the Saviour's face ;
Casting their crowns of glory low,
Praising his grace.
To Abra'm's God and ours,
Be endless glory giv'n,
Who in his Son our bliss secures
As heirs of heav'n.

Part Seventh.

THE WORLD TO COME.

SECTION FIRST.—DEATH.

554.

L. M. *The great journey.* Job xvi. 22.

1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone,
And soon this doom will be our own;
Feeble as theirs our mortal frame,
The same our way—our house the same.

3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must we to God's tribunal pass!

4 Important journey! awful view!
How great the change! the scene how new!
The gates of heav'n or hell display'd,—
The realms of light, or gloomy shade!

5 Awake our souls; for death prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

6 Jesus, to thee our all we trust,
And, if thou call us down to dust,
We know thy voice, we bless thy hand,
And die in smiles at thy command.

7 What was our terror, is our joy;
These views our brightest hopes employ,
To go ere many years are o'er,
Secure we shall return no more.

555.

C.M. *The certainty and solemnity of death.* Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAV'N hath pronounc'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, survey the tomb
Where you must shortly dwell:
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell.

3 Once you must die—and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heav'n and hell depend
On that important day.

4 Your eyes, though long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the judge to see;
And ev'ry deed, and word, and thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may we, in the Judge, behold
Our Saviour and our Friend;
And far above the reach of death,
With all the saints ascend.

**556.

L. M. *Dust returning to dust.* Gen. iii. 19.

1 WHY should we murmur, sons of earth,
That sorrow clouds our mortal birth,—
That racking pains, and dark'ning woes,
Pursue us to our journey's close?

2 By sin defil'd, our grov'lling frame
Cleaves to the dust from which it came.

And, lodg'd within the grave's domain,
We soon shall blend with dust again.

3 The ground that mocks our weary tread,
And scarce repays our toil with bread,
Is, through our sin, accurs'd to be
A type of our depravity.

4 Earth yields us scanty gifts ;—she gave
A cradle, and prepares a grave ;
Her glory, in its proudest form,
Ends in corruption and the worm.

5 Leave dust to dust ;—let faith survey
The hour when earth must pass away ;
And, wrapp'd in folds of blazing fire,
Her glory with her shame expire.

6 A new creation then shall rise,—
New heav'ns and earth shall meet our eyes,
And, rais'd from dust, and freed from stain,
We shall our Paradise regain.

**557.

M. *The vicinity of death.* 1 Sam. xx. 3. Luke xii. 20.

1 A HAND unseen is o'er us now,
Whose lightest touch can quench our breath ;
But who can tell the destin'd brow
That next will feel the stroke of death?

2 That awful hand hath rested not,
While years by thousands roll'd away :
It hovers nigh—it points the spot
Where we must blend with kindred clay.

3 "Thou fool!"—its silent motion cries—
"This night thy forfeit soul I claim ;
"Then whose thy toys, thy darling prize,
"Of riches, pleasure, learning, fame?"

4 The knell hath toll'd, the grave hath yawn'd
For many a bright and blooming one,
Radiant in life when morning dawn'd,
And cold in death ere day was done.

5 To die!—it is the gen'ral doom;
Then judgment comes, in stern array:
O trifler! deem not in thy tomb
To sleep unconscious hours away.

6 Canst thou in flames eternal dwell?
Or, seek'st thou a celestial throne?
The joys of heav'n, or pains of hell,
To-morrow may become thine own.

558.

C. M. *On the death of a young person.* Job xiv. 1, 2.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
That ev'n in blooming dies.

2 Death chills, like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms,
Which pleas'd our eyes before?

3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

4 But wait the interposing gloom,
Behold, stern winter flies;
And, dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

6 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
The gospel points on high;
There, everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

559.

C. M. *Consolation under the death of Christian friends.*
1 Thessalonians iv. 14.

1 WHY should we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
That lift our souls above.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once our Saviour Jesus lay,
And has dispell'd its gloom.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we too shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations, under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

**560.

7s. *The death of a believer.* 1 Thess. iv. 13.

1 Now be hush'd the plaint of woe—
Ev'ry heart with triumph glow—
Ev'ry tongue the chorus swell—
Praise to him who conquer'd hell!

2 Jesus conquer'd! Jesus reigns!
He hath rent our brother's chains;

He, who seal'd him for his own,
Now hath plac'd him near the throne.

3 All our brother's strife is o'er,
Pain nor grief assail him more;
Gloom is now absorb'd in light,
Hope in rapture, faith in sight.

4 Wake the joyful note again,—
Seraphs will prolong the strain,—
'Tis the song that angels sing,
Glory to the Saviour King.

561.

C. M. *On the death of a faithful minister.* Heb. xiii. 7.

1 Now let our drooping hearts revive,
And let our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief
Which view the Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade;
What though the holy men of God
Be number'd with the dead;

3 Though earthly shepherds turn to dust
The aged or the young,—
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4 The heav'nly Shepherd still survives,
And his rich grace imparts,
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our hearts.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
"I'll ne'er forsake my chosen flock,
"But all for them provide."

6 Through all the scenes of life and death
This promise is our trust;
And to the end of time shall be
Thy faithful servants' boast.

562.

C. M. *Triumph over death.* 1 Cor. xv. 55.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer our dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his fearful pow'rs.

2 Joyful, with all the strength we have,
Our quiv'ring lips shall sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
"And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gave sin condemning pow'r,
But Christ our ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors, though we die
Through Christ our living head.

563.

C. M. *Death desired.* Job vii. 16; 2 Cor. v. 2—4.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread our Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

3 It is—that harrass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin,
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within:

4 It is—that heav'n-born faith surveys
The crown of glory bright;

And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And soar to realms of light.

5 It is—that hope with ardour glows,
To view Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient pow'rs to trace.

564.

C. M. *The blessedness of dying in the Lord.* Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
Of all the faithful dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How sweet their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry care.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of this mortal life
End in a large reward.

565.

C. M. *Jordan separating from the promised land.* Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1—4.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Unchanging day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

566.

. M. *The exchange of the earthly tabernacle for the heavenly house desired.* 2 Cor. v. 1—8.

1 There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high,
Where, when our Saviour-God commands,
Our waiting souls shall fly.

2 Ere long this prison-house of clay
Must be dissolv'd, and fall:
Then shall we joyfully obey
Our heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his renewing grace,
That forms us meet for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
As promis'd in his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 Here, press'd with cares, we daily grieve;
O Saviour, set us free!

We would these earthly bodies leave,
And dwell in heav'n with thee.

*567.

8. 8. 6. *Death followed by glory.* Luke xxiii. 43.

1 When a believer yields his breath,
We follow him with eyes of faith,
Where sense can see no more;
We see him spread his glorious wings,
And soar above material things,
To yon celestial shore.

2 No tongue can tell, no fancy paint,
What transport fills th' enraptur'd saint,
Of paradise possess'd;
His wants abundantly supplied,
His wishes fully satisfied,
His soul supremely bless'd.

3 How far is what he saw below,
Or all he had the pow'r to know,
By what he sees excell'd!
The clouds that interpos'd before,
Obstruct his views of truth no more,
And Jesus stands reveal'd.

4 See! now he joins the ransom'd throng
And swells the grand triumphant "song
"Of Moses and the Lamb;"
Jesus, the object of their praise,
The Lord, who deign'd such worms to raise
Th' unsearchable "I AM!"

5 O may we know the Saviour's grace,
And then in heav'n behold his face,
On wings angelic borne!
For this, let men our hope contemn,
Well pleas'd, we'll smile and pity them
And haste beyond their scorn.

SECTION SECOND—CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

568.

148th. *The Bridegroom's approach.* Matt. xxv. 1—13.

1 Ye slumb'ring souls, arise—
Ye sinners all awake—
And, to salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Soon with the solemn midnight cry,
Proclaim the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes in state, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
The pure in heart—the sav'd by grace—
Without a veil shall see his face.

3 Ye who on Christ depend,
Go meet him in the sky;
With all his saints ascend,
Your Lord to glorify:
Commanded by his gracious word,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

4 Jesus! we wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
With thee may we appear—
At thy right hand be found;
And in thy righteousness divine,
Before thy throne for ever shine.

*569.

8. 7. 7. *The time of Christ's coming unknown.* Mat. xxiv. 36.

1 Nothing know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day,
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.

2 While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come;
Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping—
Sinners then must meet their doom;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.

3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours his word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning;
Let us watch while others sleep:
We're no longer of the night,
We are children of the light.

4 Being of the favour'd number
Whom the Saviour calls his own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone;
This should be his people's aim,
Still to glorify his name.

570.

L. M. *Christ's first and second coming.* Rev. i. 7.

1 The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their firmest base forsake;
And, fading through the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
Like the dumb lamb to slaughter led,
The scorn'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! in dreadful form,
Girded with flame, and rob'd in storm,
The clouds his chariot wing'd with wind,
Behold, the Judge of all mankind!

4 Can this be He who once did stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By pow'r oppress'd and mock'd by pride?
Can this be Jesus crucified?

5 O yes! 'tis He who, bath'd in blood,
Once died a sacrifice to God;
No more as suff'ring man appears,—
Jehovah's crown and state he bears.

6 While infidels amaz'd complain,
Or seek the mountain's cleft in vain,
The saints, triumphant o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

*571.

148th. *The trumpet sounding.* 1 Cor. xv. 52.

1 HARK! 'tis the trumpet's sound;
It closes earthly things;
It echoes all around,
And great the news it brings:
It tells that Jesus is at hand,
And bids the world before him stand.

2 The sound is heard afar;
It goes through sea and land;
And now, before his bar,
Th' assembled nations stand:
His friends are mingled with his foes,
But who are his, the Saviour knows.

3 And now he calls his own
To dwell with him above;
To sit upon his throne,
And share his endless love:
With joy they meet him in the clouds,
And mix with heav'n's exulting crowds.

4 But oh! what storms await
The trembling crowds below!
Their pleas are now too late;
This is the time of woe:
The Judge decrees their final doom;
Their portion is "the wrath to come."

5 *O that*, in that great day,
We may with those appear

To whom the Lord will say,
"Ye blessed, now come near;
"To you eternal life is giv'n;
"The glory and the joy of heav'n."

572.

8. 7. 4. *Christ's second coming.* Rev. i. 7.

1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 v'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne:
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, com

**573.

7. 6. *Resurrection of the just and unjust.* John v. 28, 29

1 By that dread day o'ertaken,
When vengeful wrath shall flame,
Some wretched souls must waken
To everlasting shame:
Now, seal'd in slothful slumbers,
Untold their moments go,
Ah! never shall they number
The days of waking woe!

2 The same deep summons sounding
Another band shall raise,
And they his throne surrounding,
Chant their Redeemer's praise.
Their all for him forsaking,
They conquer in the strife,
And then, to joy awaking,
Receive eternal life.

3 Lord of the Resurrection!
Do thou our portion be;
And hallow each affection
To centre all in thee.
The blessing thou hast shewn us
To ev'ry soul convey;
Oh! seal us now, and own us
In that last awful day.

574.

C. M. *The hope of the saints' resurrection founded on that of Christ.* 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

1 Bless'd be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What, though the doom of sin requires
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

575.

S. M. *The bodies of the saints transformed at the resurrection.* Phil. iii. 20, 21.

1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of ours
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till our triumphant spirits come
To put it on afresh.

3 God our Redeemer lives,
Enthron'd above the skies;
And thence he watches o'er our dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Saviour! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

576.

C. M. *God judging the world, and saving his people.*
Psalm 1. 1– 5.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 From Zion shall his presence shine,
Zion, adorn'd with grace,
Perfect in beauties all divine,
Where he reveals his face.

3 In glory bright our God shall come,
Judgment no more delay;
Devouring fire, and dreadful storm,
Lead on that awful day.

4 Heav'n from above his voice shall hear;
The dead forsake the tomb;
And those who liv'd without his fear,
Receive their final doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"Whose peace was made with God,
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And cov'nant of his blood."

6 And lo! the ransom'd hosts ascend
Triumphantly on high,
They take their seat at his right hand,
And live no more to die.

577.

L. M. *Christ honoured in the glorification of his people.*
2 Thess. i. 10.

1 HEAV'N with new sounds of triumph rings,
Bright seraphs tune their noblest song;

Jesus descends, the King of kings,
And leads the glorious hosts along.

2 The saints that sleep in dust arise,
His voice re-animates their clay;
See them ascending through the skies,
And at his feet glad homage pay.

3 Myriads of angels wond'ring stand,
While the redeem'd aloud declare,
How Jesus' love, with sov'reign hand,
Sav'd them from sin, and plac'd them there.

4 Pointing to Him who fills the throne,
They boast He suffer'd once for them;
And join, in strains before unknown,
Their Saviour's mercy to proclaim.

5 From regions far, and regions near,
Beings of highest orders throng;
They gaze, they listen, and prepare
To raise a universal song.

6 Worthy the Lamb! of truth, of grace,
Of majesty, and might, the Lord!
His matchless love let all confess,
His name be evermore ador'd.

578.

C. M. *The Church desiring the Saviour's coming.*
Rev. xxii. 20.

1 "Behold, I come!" the Saviour cries;
"On wings of love I fly;"
"So quickly come!" the church replies,
"And bring salvation nigh.

2 "Come, loose these bonds of flesh and sin
"Come, end our pains and cares;
"Bear us to thy serene abode,
"Beyond the clouds and stars.

3 "We hail with joy the hour of death,
"Which calls our spirits home;

" But doubly greet that glorious morn,
" When thou thyself wilt come.

4 " Come, plead Jehovah's injur'd cause,
" And make thine honour shine;
" Come, raise thy servants' mould'ring dust,
" Transform'd by pow'r divine.

5 " O come, amidst angelic hosts,
" Our humble names to own,
" And bear the full assembly back,
" To dwell around thy throne.

6 " With winged speed, Redeemer great,
" Bring on th' illustrious day;
" Come, lest our spirits droop and faint
" Beneath thy long delay."

SECTION THIRD.—STATE OF THE GLORIFIED.

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*579.

. 8. 6. *Israel near the promised land.* Num. xxiii. 9, 10.

1 Come, let us stand upon the rock
Where Balaam stood, and wond'ring look
Upon the scene below;
The tents of Jacob goodly seem,
The people happy we esteem
Whom God has favour'd so.

2 The sons of Israel stand alone,
Jehovah claims them for his own,
His cause and theirs the same:
He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand,
He gives to them a goodly land,
And calls them by his name.

3 Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
And soon they're destin'd to repose
Within the promis'd land;

Ev'n now its rising hills are seen,
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
Where Israel soon shall stand.

4 In glory there the King appears,
He wipes away his people's tears,
And makes their sorrows cease;
From toil and strife they there repose,
And live secure from all their foes,
In everlasting peace.

5 Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise;
It lifts a worm of earth on high,
Provides him wings, and makes him fly
To mansions in the skies.

580.

C. M. *The triumph of departed saints.* Heb. vi. 12.

1 O FOR the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 We ask them, whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And foll'wing their incarnate God
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the great cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

581.

L. M. *Joy in hope of immortality.* Psalm xvii. 15.

1 Inspir'd, O Lord! with hopes divine
We cheerfully the world resign;
We shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which we go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall we wake and enter there?

3 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
We shall be near and like our God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 Our flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in our Saviour's image rise.

582.

?. M. *The holiness of the heavenly state.* Rev. xxi. 27.

1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Invite and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No scornful tongue, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

3 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

583.

8. 7. *Now, we see through a glass, darkly.* 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

1 Now, we see, beyond the portal
Of the grave's brief resting place,
Glimpses of those joys immortal
Which await the heirs of grace.

2 Now, we feel, at times, in sorrow,
Hopes whereon the heart can stay,—
Preludes of a brighter morrow,
Which shall chase our griefs away.

3 Oh! if such the hopes attendant
While by faith we darkly see,
How unspeakably transcendent
Must the full fruition be!

584.

C. M. *The Church triumphant.* Heb. xii. 23.

1 While on the Church the Saviour's love,
As heav'nly show'rs descends;
Our souls commune with saints above,
In bliss that never ends.

2 We taste the precious streams of grace;
They round the fountain sing:
We travel through the wilderness;
They sit before the King.

3 We pray for grace to hold out well
The conflict but begun;
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.

4 We fight the battles of the Lord,
And are sometimes cast down;
They wield no more the warrior's sword,
But wear the victor's crown.

5 They all were once as vile as we,
And felt the law of sin;
Like us they struggled to be free,
And mourn'd the plague within.

6 And soon shall we, as bright as they,
In glorious freedom shine,
And spend with them an endless day,
Before the throne divine.

7 Then shall we all begin, at home,
One everlasting song:
Till then, bless'd Lord, thy kingdom come!
Nor let the time be long.

585.

. M. *The heavenly Jerusalem.* Revelation xxi. 22—26.

1 JERUSALEM! our happy home!
Name to us ever dear!
When shall our labours end, and we
Within thy gates appear!

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls,
And pearly gates, behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of our God,
Shall we thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end?

4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
We onward press to you.

5 Why should we shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay,

With Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day?

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around the Saviour stand;
And soon our friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! our happy home!
Name to us ever dear!
When shall our labours end, and we
Within thy gates appear?

586.

7s. *Rest.* Job iii. 17.—Heb. iv. 9.

1 High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heav'n's eternal mansions rise.

2 Glad within these bless'd abodes,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

3 Once, indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
They complain'd of pain and woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

4 Now, their days of weeping o'er,
Pass'd this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never, weep again!

5 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

6 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

*587.

8.7.7 *The same.*

1 SEE the saints in heav'n appearing,
Heav'n that yields them sweet repose;
Nothing wanting, nothing fearing,
Safe from ev'ry storm that blows;
Free from sorrow, sin and fear,
Having all they hop'd for here.

2 All their conflicts now are over,—
All their dangers now no more;
And with joy they now discover
All that lay conceal'd before:
Fill'd with wonder they review
All the perils they pass'd through.

3 Perils past and gone for ever;
O how cheering is the thought!
Once we pass through yonder river,
Then we rest and labour not:
Nothing is to those oppress'd
Grateful as the thought of rest.

4 Rest from toil, and rest from terror;
Rest from all assaults of foes;
Rest from those who loving error,
Hate the Saviour and oppose;
Rest from all that causes grief,
Sweet the hope of such relief.

5 Hope of this our toils can lighten;
Hope has pow'r to cheer the faint;
Hope of this our gloom will brighten;
Hope sustains the trembling saint;
Hope is ours;—then farewell fear;
Hope the darkest hour can cheer.

588.

L. M. *The inheritance among the saints in light.*
Col. i. 12.

1 THERE is a region, lovelier far
Than sages tell, or poets sing;

Brighter than noon-day glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fann'd by summer's gale;
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal show'rs;
It never needs the moon-beam, pale,—
For there are known no ev'ning hours.

3 No—for that world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it, from th' eternal throne.

4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose:
No cloud obscures the radiant scene—
There, not a tear of sorrow flows.

5 In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it, in the curtain'd sky:
It is—THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD!

589.

C. M. *The new heavens and new earth.* 2 Peter iii. 13.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There, pain and sickness never come;
And grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!

4 There, rich varieties of joy
For ever feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd.

5 No factious strife, no envy there,
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill ev'ry happy breast.

6 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

7 There, no alternate night is known,
Nor moon's faint, sickly ray:
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

8 Oh! may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
And wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

590.

22d. *God and the Lamb the light of heaven.* Rev. xxi. 23.

1 HOSANNAH to his name,
Who bore our sin and shame;
Let heav'n and earth resound his praise:
Come all ye saints of God,
Redeem'd by precious blood,
And shouts of holy triumph raise.

2 Sing of your bless'd abode;
Sing of your Saviour God;
Who reigns on high in endless day;
The Sun of righteousness,
That fills the church with grace,
Will all his beams in heav'n display.

3 There shall we see, and know,
What can't be known below,
For glory centres in his name:
No night's approach they fear,
They need no candle there,
The light of heav'n is God the Lamb.

4 He shines with beams of love
On all the saints above,
And all the saints with glory shine:
From him the angels bright,
Those happy sons of light,
Are fill'd with life and love divine.

5 No temple built with hands
In that bright region stands,
God is their palace and their home:
With perfect pleasure bless'd,
In him the soul finds rest
For all eternity to come.

591.

C. M. *The blessedness of glorified saints.*
Rev. vii. 13—17.

1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 From suff'rings great below, they came
To realms of heav'nly light;
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb that fills the heav'nly throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with love and joys divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 To pastures green he leads his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

592.

. M. *The Saviour's presence and glory the joy of angels and saints above.* Rev. xxi. 22, 23.

1 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise:
And love, and joy, and triumph, spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Great Saviour, may thy Spirit seal
Our hearts by his renewing grace,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy glorious face.

593.

C. M. *The joys of the everlasting state contemplat*
Rev. xxii. 2—5.

1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid he
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Then, to the shining seats of bliss
On wings of faith we'll soar,
And all the charms of paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

3 Pleasures, unsullied, flourish there,
Beyond the reach of time;
Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair,
In all her flow'ry prime.

4 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease:
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

5 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

6 There on a throne, (how dazzling brigh
Th' exalted Saviour reigns
And beams ineffable delight
O'er all the heav'nly plains.

7 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honour to his name
Employ their grateful tongues.

8 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and lov
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

594.

8. 8. 6. *The saints welcomed to heaven.* 2 Peter i. 11.

1 SWEET is the thought, that we shall know
The Man who suffer'd here below,
To manifest his love
For us, and all his people bless'd,
Or here, or with himself at rest,
In the bright realms above!

2 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here;
What must it be on high!
His word, as in the churches known,
Falls like a show'r of blessings down,
And makes them shout for joy.

3 But how will his celestial voice
Make our enraptur'd hearts rejoice,
When, from his glorious throne,
He calls us to come near his seat,
And we, at his once-pierced feet,
Our diadems cast down.

4 "Come in, thou blessed, sit by me,
"With my own life I ransom'd thee,"
The Lord to each will say:
"Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
"Ye blissful mansions, make him room
"For ever here to stay."

5 When Jesus thus invites us in,
How will the heav'nly hosts begin
To shout us welcome home!
"Come in! come in!" the blissful sound
Will make the chrystal walls resound
For joy that we are come.

595.

11. 8. *Anticipation of heaven.* Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

DRAW near, O ye ransom'd, and help us to sing

When at last ye shall meet with your Shepherd
and King,
To weep in this desert no more.

2 Oh think with what rapturous shouts we shall
rise,
To join with the glorified choirs,
When Jesus' bright chariot appears in the skies,
And death at his coming expires!

3 When, "Come, O ye blessed," sounds sweet in
our ears,
By love everlasting express'd,
What place will be found for our doubts and
our fears
In sight of the mansions of rest?

4 No more shall the wicked our comforts annoy,
Nor conscience from guilt feel a wound;
No tree of temptation, our peace to destroy
Shall in the bless'd region be found.

5 No passions unholy our bosoms shall move,
To taint the fair mansions with strife:
Our Shepherd shall feed us in pastures of love,
And lead us to fountains of life.

6 Look up, ye dejected, that weep as ye go,
And complain that no comfort ye prove,
Cast off all your sadness, and sing, while below
Of the bliss that awaits you above.

7 Anticipate heav'n; 'twill sweeten those hours
When sorrows around you appear;
Will strew all the road to mount Zion with flow'rs
And smooth the rough path-way of care.

596.

8. 7. *Pilgrims anticipating their destination.* 2 Cor. v.

1 Thus far on our way to Zion,
We, through grace divine, are come;
And the Friend, whom we rely on,
Soon will bid us welcome home.

2 Grace and truth our steps attending,
Safely we shall walk along,
Till, our destin'd journey ending,
Truth and grace shall be our song.

3 Then these eyes, which now with sadness
Oft in transient clouds appear,
Shall be deck'd with beams of gladness,
Never more to shed a tear.

4 Then these hearts, which now so often
Not the sharpest threats can move,
Nor the sweetest words can soften,
Shall be all dissolv'd in love.

5 Then these minds, whose chief employment
Is to watch and conflict now,
Favour'd with complete enjoyment,
Shall with endless rapture glow.

6 Solid hopes, like these, possessing,
Let us march with courage on;
Bold, through fears and dangers pressing,
Till we wear the conqu'ror's crown:

7 Till we wave our palms in glory,
Through the blissful plains above;
Till we sound the wondrous story
Of the great Redeemer's love.

*597.

8. 9. *Longing for heaven.* Psalm lv. 6.

1 O HAD we the wings of a dove,
We'd make our escape and be gone;
We'd mingle with spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne;
We'd fly from all labour and toil,
To the place where the weary have rest;
We'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abodes of the bless'd.

2 How happy are they who no more
Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below:
They are far from all danger and fear,
While remembrance enhances their joys,
As the storm, when escap'd, will endear
The retreat which the haven supplies.

3 Around that magnificent throne,
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing his praise.
How holy, how happy are they,
No tongue can express their delight!
Our souls, now unwilling to stay,
Prepare for their heavenly flight.

4 But why do we wish to be gone?—
Do we want from the danger to flee?—
And shall we do nothing for One,
Who for us suffer'd death on the tree?—
Ah, Lord! let us think of the day,
When thou wast "rejected of men,"
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.

5 Nor less our perverseness forgive,
That when ease and prosperity come,
Thy servants are willing to live,
And their exile prefer to their home.
Ah, Lord! what frail creatures are we!
Sure nothing can heighten our guilt;
Forgive us, forgive us, we pray,
And make us whatever thou wilt.

*598.

8. 7. 7. Destring to depart. Philippians i. 23.

1 What is life?—'Tis but a vapour—
Soon it vanishes away;

Life is like a dying taper;—
O, ye saints, why wish to stay?
Why not spread your wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the king of saints:
Spread your wings, ye saints, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above:
Spread your wings, ye saints, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory;
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;
There announce the wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread your wings, ye saints, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

599.

C. M. *Salvation to be soon completed.* Luke xxi. 28.

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shews salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal pow'rs decay:
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

600.

C. M. *The glorified Church entering upon the everlasting state.* Rev. xxi. 1—4.

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are pass'd away,
And, like a scroll, the skies.

2 From the third heav'n where God resides,
That holy, happy place;
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his bless'd abode;
"He dwells with them; his people they,
"And he their gracious God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From ev'ry weeping eye;
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears
"And death itself shall die."

6 How long, Redeemer! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
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